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HENRIETTA ANNE, DUCHESS OF ORLEANS

*Goodwood*

# The Secret History of
# Henrietta, Princess of England
## First Wife of Philippe, Duc d'Orléans

together with

# Memoirs of the
# Court of France for the Years 1688-1689

Both by

Madame de la Fayette

Translated, with an Introduction, by

J. M. Shelmerdine

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# Introduction

The Comtesse de la Fayette is generally recognized, in literary histories, as the author of one book, the *Princesse de Clèves*, a work which is all the more important since it is the first novel of merit to put behaviour, passion, and character before action, adventure, and incident. And quite apart from this matter of its position, the *Princesse de Clèves* is a remarkable book—it would be so whatever the date of its publication: for a power to observe human nature, to create characters and tell a story, an ability to understand human difficulties and sympathize with human weaknesses —above all a limpid and smoothly-flowing style, these are the qualities we still expect of our novelists, and Madame de la Fayette has them in the highest degree. She has, moreover, a pungent sense of humour, whereby she is sufficiently detached from the society in which she lived to be able to pull it to pieces and look at the works, as Jane Austen could later. Of the *Princesse de Clèves*, Professor Saintsbury has written that it is "One of the few highly-praised books, at the beginnings of departments of literature, which ought not to disappoint candid and not merely studious readers." But Madame de la Fayette is never disappointing, and her lesser works are, in their own way, just as attractive.

# Introduction

Already in her youth Marie-Madeleine Pioche de la Vergne seems to have had a leaning towards literary pursuits. She was born in 1634, in the Quartier St. Germain, her mother—Elisabeth Péna—springing of a Provençal family long devoted to scholarship and literature. Of her father, Marc Pioche de la Vergne, Tallemant des Réaux has said that he was "interested in architecture and had some knowledge thereof." He was friendly with Chapelain, who, if an indifferent poet, was certainly a man of culture, and would also appear to have been intimate with Mademoiselle de Scudéry, Madame de Sablé, and other frequenters of the Hotel de Rambouillet. Marc died when his daughter was only fifteen, but he had already infected her with something of his love for literature. And his widow's second venture into matrimony—with a Knight of Malta, Renaud de Sévigné—links the future Madame de la Fayette with a literary name more famous than her own.

Her friendship with the Marquise de Sévigné began in the days when both she and Marie de Rabutin-Chantal were pupils of Ménage, that gallant and philandering Abbé whose affections seem to have flitted from the one to the other, not without stirring up at times a trifle of friendly jealousy, so that Marie de Rabutin-Chantal refers to Mademoiselle de la Vergne as "my amiable rival." In learning, at any rate, the latter was the Abbé's brightest star. "Three months after

she had begun to learn Latin, Madame de la Fayette already knew more than M. Ménage" ; in fact, she is said to have expounded Horace and Virgil to him, though she cared nothing for Latin prose. Besides Latin and Italian, she seems to have touched upon Hebrew, acquiring in all an education quite out of the common in her age, it being the general opinion that learning spoilt a woman for the world : that all the " knowledge " necessary to social success could be picked up by rubbing shoulders with the polite multitude. Marie-Madeleine, however, had the benefit of both schools, and she grew up to combine strength and independence of character with the self-confidence, polish and wit that learning alone cannot give. Her unusual qualities soon marked her out among her contemporaries, and she shone accordingly in society.

In 1655 Mademoiselle de la Vergne married François Mottier, Comte de la Fayette, scion of an ancient house of Auvergne : a soldier of no particular culture, quite incapable of sharing her interests and preferring the tranquillity of his province to the brilliant society of Paris. The birth of three children during the next four years robbed Madame de la Fayette alike of health and beauty, and it was practically as an invalid that she took up her residence in Paris about 1660—alone, though for a while her husband paid her occasional visits. The Comte de la Fayette lived until 1683, so that she was only a widow during

the last ten years of her life ; but he had long since disappeared from the picture, for reasons which must be left to conjecture, since there are no traces of a quarrel ; and interesting as such conjectures would doubtless be, they are not necessary for an appreciation of Madame de la Fayette's literary works.

Long before she left Auvergne, we find Madame de la Fayette writing impatiently to Ménage for a copy of Mademoiselle de Scudéry's colossal novel, *Clélie*. Later she writes again : " I am very offended that you did not tell me you were in *Clélie :* doubtless you wanted to see if I should recognize you. Well, sir, I did recognize your portrait, and the painting seemed to me an excellent likeness." The " painting " is, of course, a literary one. The honour of inventing the literary portrait belongs to Mademoiselle de Scudéry, and readers of her seemingly endless novels—the " greater " ones run into some twenty volumes each—derived a great deal of amusement from identifying their friends and acquaintances, whose portraits, under highly romantic names, pepper these monumental pages. *La Grande Mademoiselle* especially was bitten by the new craze. She set all her friends to write portraits, of which she made a vast collection, causing Segrais to prepare them for the press ; and it was in this volume that appeared Madame de la Fayette's portrait of Madame de Sévigné—her first venture into the realms of literature.

Judged by modern standards, the portraits are anything but realistic :—

> I have no wish to cover you with praises, or to amuse myself by telling you that your figure is admirable, that your complexion has loveliness and bloom enough to assure us that you have not passed your twentieth year, that your mouth, your teeth, your hair are incomparable.

Never mind the colour and the shape ! It suffices to know that these things could not be bettered, and our portraitists float away into descriptions of the more important moral qualities. Mademoiselle's collection was the first but far from the last : the portrait-form became a positive mania. Torn from its birthplace, the novel, it strayed into letters, memoirs, and comedies, even into political writings and sermons. Begun as an amusement of the *précieuses*, it reached its zenith in the *Caractères* of La Bruyère. And, opening the *Secret History of Henrietta*, we find that a great deal of Madame de la Fayette's technique is based upon it.

The portrait of Madame de Sévigné dates from 1659 ; in 1662 Madame de la Fayette published *La Princesse de Montpensier*, which might be accounted a development of the portrait-form into a *nouvelle*, and as such foreshadows the *Princesse de Clèves*. Both the portrait and the *nouvelle* appeared anonymously, it being not yet time for a lady of noble birth openly to avow her literary talents ; but Madame de la Fayette

did not go out of her way to make a mystery of their authorship, and these works were fairly generally attributed to her, so that her literary reputation was well established by 1664, in which year Henrietta said to her: "You write well: write, and I will supply you with plenty of recollections." So the *Secret History* was begun, and Madame de la Fayette tells us how it was laid aside and taken up again, according to the whim of the Princess, only to be broken short at last by Henrietta's sudden and horrible death.

* * * * *

The Princess Henrietta was the youngest child of Charles I. of England, born in 1644 at the height of the civil war, in the beleaguered town of Exeter, itself among the last strongholds of the royal cause. She was only a fortnight old when it seemed that the town must fall to the Parliamentary troops, and the Queen, Henriette-Marie of France, unwilling to deliver herself up to her husband's enemies and thus provide them with a valuable hostage, began to make preparations for her escape. The Queen was then desperately ill—almost paralysed, so that those around her thought her death could not long be delayed; yet she exerted herself for this last supreme effort, wrote an agonized farewell to her husband and made her way to Plymouth, where, amidst the greatest dangers and discomforts, she put to sea, reaching her native land in safety at last. Her new-born child remained at Exeter, in the care

of the Countess of Morton. Another ten days passed, and Charles I., contrary to expectations, repulsed the rebels and himself marched into Exeter. Heart-stricken at finding the Queen gone, he took the infant Princess in his arms, causing her to be baptized by his chaplain with the rites of the English Church. But he never saw her again, for within a few days both town and Princess had fallen into the rebels' hands: and it was not until 1646 that the Countess of Morton managed to escape with her charge and restore the Princess Henrietta to her mother. The Queen, overjoyed to have at least one of her children to share her exile, devoted her life thenceforward to her daughter's education, attributing the child's miraculous escape to the vow she herself had made to bring up Henrietta in the Catholic faith.

Such was the violent beginning of Henrietta's life, and it remained eventful to the end. She grew up amid griefs and difficulties: her father's execution, her brothers' exile, the Fronde. And to add to the Queen her mother's miseries was an acute shortage of money. "Five or six days before the King left Paris," writes Retz, "I went to see the Queen of England and found her in the bedchamber of her daughter—she who afterwards became Madame d'Orléans. She greeted me with: 'You see, I have come to keep Henrietta company. The poor child has had to stay in bed to-day, for lack of a fire.'" Already in

those days Madame de la Fayette knew Henrietta, and it may be that the Princess never ceased to be grateful for the friendship so warmly extended during her melancholy childhood.

" As she grew, her beauty too increased," but Madame de la Fayette is a portraitist of her time, and we learn little from her as to Henrietta's personal appearance. She must certainly have been very thin, for Louis XIV. declined to marry her on account of her excessive youth and thinness, calling her, in a ribald moment, " the bones of the Holy Innocents." " Her overlong face and her thinness seemed to menace her beauty with a sudden end," wrote Madame de Motteville. Henrietta was also round-backed—her enemies speak of a hump—but even Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who never loved her, must admit that she concealed it very well : " Monsieur himself only noticed it after he had married her." Certainly her health was always bad ; as a baby she was subject to convulsions, and the autopsy held in view of her mysterious end proved that had not a sudden and fatal malady overtaken her, she must soon have died of consumption. At the bare sight of her Guy Patin goes off into a dissertation upon the English tendency to phthisis. Daniel de Cosnac, Monsieur's almoner, who knew Henrietta well, gives a portrait that is no more helpful than that of Madame de la Fayette. " Her eyes are bright, her nose (*chose rare !*) is perfect ; she has a white skin, an admirable

mouth." What colour the bright eyes, what shape the admirable mouth, Cosnac leaves his readers to guess. Anatole France, after much searching, declares that Madame was a blonde with blue eyes, and this in the face of Choisy, who vowed that her eyes were black and were themselves the cause of the devastation she wrought wherever she went. Of portraits other than literary there are plenty, though it is no easy task to find one that bears out the tale of Madame's loveliness. On the other hand, they differ so widely from each other as to inspire no confidence in their veracity.

Her moral qualities were a subject for general commendation. Cosnac is no less enthusiastic than Madame de la Fayette: "She tempered her speech with a gentleness not to be found in that of other royal personages. Not that she had less of majesty, but she knew how to employ it in the most easy and touching manner, so that, having so many qualities that were wholly divine, she was yet the most human of human beings." Gentleness, *douceur*, is the word most commonly applied to Henrietta: "Yes, Madame was gentle in the face of death, as she had been to all the world." And despite its seeming frivolity, the *Secret History* is one long tribute to Henrietta's personal charm, her intelligence and independent spirit, though the astute Madame de la Fayette is by no means blind to the wilfulness—or "majesty," since royal personages did not feel

compelled to accept the common standards—that now and again brought this Princess into difficulties.

Nevertheless, the *Secret History* has suffered severely at the hands of its detractors and has been accused of frivolity, of empty-headedness, even of insincerity. "Apart from the first pages, up to the marriage, and the fine death-scene at the end, the rest is a tissue of nothings, so contemptible from every point of view that the book falls from one's hands. . . ." Another calls it "elegant scandal," declaring that Madame de la Fayette was incapable of taking any interest in Henrietta's intellectual qualities, and cared for nothing but her "gallantries." Surely these critics have forgotten Henrietta's words, that her affair with the Comte de Guiche and all the matters pertaining thereto would make a "fine story"; and have they not ignored the significance of the eloquent death-scene with which the book closes? The plan was conceived in an idle moment, and carried out to amuse the Princess: one might almost say that it was written at her dictation, since Madame de la Fayette received the facts, so to speak, overnight and showed what she had written to the Princess the next morning. Henrietta took such pleasure in it that "during a two-days' stay I made in Paris, she wrote herself that which I have marked as being by her own hand. . . ." Unfortunately the mark is lost, but on page 90

of the text we find : " He sent to Montalais, begging her to tell him the truth ; these details you will know from her own account." The words are evidently Henrietta's, and she must have sent Madame de la Fayette to Montalais that there might be no gaps in her narrative. Madame de la Fayette was perfectly aware of the story's frivolity : after Henrietta's death, she broke it short—not even troubling to revise what she had written, so that sentences here and there still remain in the present tense ; she poured out her feelings into the last fine pages and put the whole thing away. It never saw light until 1720 —twenty-seven years after her own death.

No, the *Secret History* does not purport to be a serious biography of Henrietta, and its historical interest to-day, apart from its charm as a " portrait," lies mainly in the description it gives of a highly artificial court life. " The affair of La Mothe was the most noteworthy occurrence at Saint-Germain." Could anything give a more devastating impression of court boredom ? There was nothing to do but to talk, and Madame provided an unfailing subject for chatter. Directly after her marriage, " all France was at her doors ; the men thought of nothing but to pay their court to her. . . ." In 1664 she was twenty, and a kingdom was at her feet ; naturally she had come to see in herself a possible heroine of romance. It was only two years since Madame de la Fayette had published the *Princesse de*

*Montpensier*, and characters from that novel were still cropping up in Henrietta's speech (p. 79).

The result, of course, of seeing this affair with the Comte de Guiche through the mirror of the heroine's mind, is that it becomes enormously magnified ; and when Madame on her death-bed said to her husband : " I have never failed you," she rather knocked the bottom out of the " fine story." Madame de la Fayette admits that the writing gave her trouble : she must make it clear that Henrietta was innocent, yet without spoiling the " plot " ; she must also tell the story exactly as it happened without openly admitting that the Princess had behaved, on several occasions, in a tactless, not to say foolish, manner. It was not easy, but Madame de la Fayette has, after all, shown that the Guiche business meant no more to Henrietta than a harmless diversion—that Madame wanted to be amused, and that, if her imprudence set the whole court talking, the fault was more Monsieur's than hers : for Monsieur, with his preposterous jealousies, called everybody's attention to what was going on. And readers of the *Secret History* may listen to the just warning of Anatole France, and remember that the passage of some three hundred years has wrought changes in the French language, strengthening here and there the meanings of words and weakening others. So the words *galanterie*, *amant*, *maîtresse*, have slightly shifted their meaning since Madame de la Fayette used them, acquiring a stronger

and more limited sense. *Galanterie* in the seventeenth century meant no more than " a polite or agreeable manner of saying or doing a thing " ; so to say that Henrietta was addicted to *galanterie* was merely to say that she deliberately practised the art of pleasing.

Madame did, perhaps, encourage the Comte de Guiche in his extravagances, but, without going into scurrilous details, let us add that the Comte de Guiche was known for a most " inoffensive " lover, and that, as such, he is the favourite butt of contemporary *chansonniers*. In every way he was a most conspicuous person : " The Comte de Guiche stands alone at court in his manner and his behaviour," wrote Madame de Sévigné ; " a hero from a novel, who does not in the least resemble the rest of mankind." Thus armed with hero and heroine, no wonder Madame wanted the novel ! That Guiche " stood alone in his behaviour," is corroborated by Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who attended a ball at Lyons in company with Monsieur : " The Comte de Guiche was there, and pretending not to recognize us, he pulled Monsieur about violently in the dance and gave him several kicks on his behind." Monsieur thought him charming. As for the letters he wrote, they were so affected that the recipients could never understand them. Small wonder that Madame opened a bunch of his love-letters to while away a journey ! Vardes appealed to Madame much more than Gulche, and for a

while she encouraged him too, but as soon as she discovered what kind of a person he really was, she quarrelled with him, and thenceforward saw as little of him as possible.

Madame de la Fayette was perfectly aware that the tangling and disentangling of such skeins was not the main interest of Henrietta's life: she knew that the intelligence of this Princess was capable of matters far greater than playing off Guiche against Vardes, listening to the gossip of Montalais, and conniving at the Spanish letter. "We knew," she writes, "though very vaguely, that the negotiations in which she (Madame) was concerned, were on the point of being carried through; at twenty-six years of age she saw herself the link between the two greatest kings of our century: she had in her hands a treaty whereon the fate of a part of Europe depended." Already in 1662—two years before the *Secret History* was planned—Henrietta had become the intermediary between Charles II. and Louis XIV., and her skill and diplomacy helped to settle the fate of Dunkirk. She had never ceased to keep up a lively correspondence with her brother Charles, giving him all the news of the French Court, political, domestic, personal and scandalous: her deep affection for him never wavered. And now she was destined to play her part in political affairs of infinitely greater importance.

At this time England, Holland and Sweden were leagued together to resist the growing

ambition of Louis XIV.—an alliance that was all the more popular in England since it bound three great Protestant states together. Charles II. however, had no great love for Protestantism, and would gladly have been rid of the puritanical element in the English Parliament that looked askance at his mistresses and raised objections to the spendthrift habits of his court. Moreover, Parliament kept the King short of money, and were the London mob to rebel, he would be hard put to it to raise troops enough for his safety. During his exile Holland had treated him badly : his personal sympathies drew him towards France, with which, by private and family ties, he was already closely connected. So negotiations were secretly opened and " the chief agent between the English and French Courts," Macaulay writes, " was the beautiful, graceful and intelligent Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, sister of Charles, sister-in-law of Lewis, and a favourite with both."

Henrietta herself went to Dover in 1670, to sign the secret treaty in the name of the French King, the treaty whereby Charles was to become a Roman Catholic, dissolve the Triple Alliance, and join France against the United Provinces, receiving in return such military and pecuniary help as might make him independent of Parliament, should internal troubles arise. Such, briefly, was the Treaty of Dover, and a discussion of its political significance has no place here. Henrietta, no more than any of her contemporaries, could

foresee what it would mean. She could not guess that Holland, betrayed by her most powerful ally, would cast aside the peace-loving John de Witt in favour of a more capable military leader, and raise William III. of Orange to the high position of his fathers. Had William not so risen, he could never have conceived his great design against England—the design which landed him on his uncle's throne, and ultimately brought the rulership of the Stuarts to an end for ever. No, Henrietta's sight was not the sight of posterity. She lived in an intolerant land at an intolerant time, and she had in her the fatal strain of Catholic zeal that was common to most of her family, a strain which perhaps was brought to them by Mary of Guise, who married James V. of Scotland and called Knox's letter a "pasquil." Nor had there been anything in Henrietta's upbringing to discourage this enthusiasm, but rather the contrary; and added to it was the pleasure she must inevitably feel at being able to draw together the country of her birth and that of her adoption, the brother she loved and the brother-in-law she admired.

Eight days after her return to France, death "with the suddenness of a thunder-clap," brought Madame's brilliant career to an end. "O disastrous, terrible night, when suddenly there resounded, like a thunder-clap, the awful news: Madame is dying, Madame is dead! . . . everywhere there was consternation, save in the heart

of this Princess." Poison ! The cry rang through the horror-stricken Court of France. But even if Henrietta herself believed in the poison, Madame de la Fayette did not. She had seen all the stages of Henrietta's illness, and though she was far from being able to diagnose the duodenal ulcer that killed Madame, she never entertained the theory of venom. For those who like horrors, there is a little book by Dr Jean Fabre, entitled : *Sur la Vie et principalement sur la Mort de Madame*, wherein the findings of those who conducted the autopsy are minutely examined. As for the poison theory, it is not difficult to see how it arose.

For years past, Monsieur had been doing his best to make Henrietta's life a misery, and at times he had succeeded. Madame de la Fayette was obviously not authorized to tell the story of the Chevalier de Lorraine, and of how Henrietta had, not unnaturally, objected to his position in the Orleans household. When the King at last banished the Chevalier, Madame denied that she had any part in it. Monsieur fainted, wept, sulked, and persisted in blaming his wife ; his ill-temper might seem to have reached its highest possible point, but anent the Treaty of Dover it rose higher still. The King allowed him no part in public affairs, and his jealousy boiled whilst Louis held private interviews with Madame. Monsieur had frankly come to dislike his wife, openly declaring that his love had not survived a fort-

night of marriage; and once, in Madame's hearing, he said that a fortune-teller had told him he would have several wives and that, in view of Madame's health, it did not seem unlikely. Yet Henrietta did her best to soften him, and the story that one of her reasons for going to England was to arrange for their separation would seem to be quite apocryphal. On the night of her sudden death the Chevalier de Lorraine was, of course, suspected—his name appears in cipher in Montague's letter—and had he been guilty, Monsieur too had been implicated in the crime.

It fell to Bossuet to pronounce the funeral oration upon Henrietta of England, and he drew "sobs and tears" from all the Court, so that at times his voice was wellnigh drowned in their weeping :—

> But princes and people lamented in vain. In vain Monsieur, in vain the King himself clasped Madame in close embrace. One and all they might say with St. Ambrose : I clasped my arms, but already I had lost that which I was holding.

Madame's death was exemplary ; whatever the faults and indiscretions of her life, in those last few hours she atoned for them all. And her adopted country bitterly mourned its loss.

> Heaven had torn her, as if by a miracle, from the hands of the enemies of the King her father, to give her to France : O precious gift, inestimable present ! Would that the possession thereof had lasted longer !

* * * * *

# Introduction

The famous friendship between Madame de la Fayette and M. de la Rochefoucauld dates back to her youth, probably beyond her marriage ; and some years after Madame de la Fayette had taken up her residence in Paris, we find that this friendship had deepened into a close intimacy : a fact which does not escape the notice of contemporary scandalmongers and *chansonniers*, whilst posterity has wasted a great deal of time in prying into what is, after all, nobody's business. Whether La Rochefoucauld and Madame de la Fayette were friends or lovers has no earthly importance some three centuries later : it is surely enough to know that the intimacy between them was great enough to give rise to the thought, among their acquaintances, that the author of the *Maxims* had to some extent collaborated in *Zaïde* and even in the *Princesse de Clèves*. To quote a letter from Mademoiselle de Scudéry to Bussy-Rabutin, written before the *Princesse de Clèves* was published : " Monsieur de la Rochefoucauld and Madame de la Fayette have written a novel anent the gallantries of the Court of Henri II., which is said to be admirably written. They are not of an age to do aught else together." And nothing could better exonerate Madame de la Fayette than this reply from the worst scandalmonger of a gossiping age : " I would indeed be sorry were the authors younger, for then they would amuse themselves in another manner, less diverting for us than their books."

Whatever the friendship (and Professor Saintsbury put it most neatly, calling the author of the *Princesse de Clèves* "the more or less Platonic, and at any rate last love of La Rochefoucauld"), it certainly lightened the middle years of Madame de la Fayette's life, years of cruel and almost ceaseless sufferings, for her health went gradually from bad to worse. Nor was La Rochefoucauld's much better, so that, despite the place they still occupied in the society of Paris, they were not always a lively *ménage*, as Madame de Sévigné well knew: "Madame de la Fayette is still weak: M. de la Rochefoucauld is still crippled; sometimes we have talks together of such sadness that it would seem as if we had naught left to do but to bury ourselves." And the Duc was the first to die—in 1680 he left his friend to her incurable malady, and to the lesser ills, the migraines, fevers and colics that tormented her. Madame de la Fayette for a while was crushed by her loss, but she had courage enough to surmount all obstacles, and while her physical sufferings increased, her mind remained as active as ever.

She had always taken a great interest in politics, having been brought up in the thick of the Fronde. Her father, her stepfather, her friends, Henrietta of England, Louvois and La Rochefoucauld—all these had played their part in political intrigues. And it would appear that, from her girlhood upwards, Madame de la Fayette had kept a journal of such events as interested

her : perhaps after the death of La Rochefoucauld this habit developed, and became a refuge from her private sufferings. But she never sought to publish her Memoirs—they were too outspoken—and when in due course they descended to her son, he seems to have attached but little importance to them, lending them freely to his friends and forgetting to ask the borrowers to send them back. On his death, therefore, most of the Memoirs had disappeared, those for the years 1688 and 1689 alone surviving.

The Memoirs are not, of course, so carefully written as the *Secret History*, wherein Madame de la Fayette had Henrietta's challenge to live up to : " You write well, . . ." and wherein also she must pick her way so carefully, lest anyone should be offended. The Memoirs she wrote for herself, and perhaps for her intimate friends. Yet nowhere do the matured powers of Madame de la Fayette show to better advantage, and, once past the early pages, which are chiefly concerned with military affairs, none of her works is more delightful. Here, at one time, we have the judgment of the diplomat, the historian, the eye-witness, the woman of the world, and the student of character, whilst the humour that gleamed through the pages of the *Secret History* is now barbed with malice. Less and less is she dazzled by the Sun-King and all the glittering paraphernalia of his Court : and ridicule, in her hands, is a stronger weapon than invective.

To English readers, especially, the Memoirs are interesting, and one marvels that they have not hitherto found a translator. For, concerning the exile of James II. and his attempts to regain the English crown, we have had the English point of view, the Irish, the Scottish, and even the Dutch. Madame de la Fayette gives us a glimpse of the affair as seen from within the French Court, a glimpse that is all the more interesting because, while France supported the King's cause, Frenchmen despised the King. England and Holland were hostile : Ireland was fighting for Catholicism, Scotland for an ideal. Only France knew both why she was backing James and why it was not worth while to make a greater effort. We see, in the pages of these Memoirs, how James threw away his cause as he had thrown away the seals of the kingdom : " There goes a very good man ; he has renounced three Kingdoms for a Mass." And thus the picture of the fall of the House of Stuart is completed, explained, and the cause stripped of its glamour by Madame de la Fayette's disillusioned and penetrating vision. How much more disillusioned that vision would have been, had she been able to foresee the disasters that resulted for her country ! There is, indeed, a touch of tragic irony in the Memoirs, for those who care about the history of France.

It is to be deeply regretted that Madame de la Fayette did not live to chronicle the last years of Louis XIV., but already when the Memoirs

broke off in 1689, her life was nearing its close. In January 1692 she wrote to Madame de Sévigné the last letter of hers that has survived :—

> Alas ! my fair one, all that I have to tell you is that my health is very bad : in a word I cannot rest, by day or by night, in body or in mind : and in neither am I any longer a person ; I am visibly perishing ; one must come to an end when God pleases, and I am resigned to it. . . . Believe me, my dearest: you are the person in the world that I have most truly loved.

"*Je péris à vue d'œil.*" It was true. Madame de la Fayette had almost reached the end of her painful journey, for she died at her house in the Rue de Vaugirard on the 25th of May 1693. She was among the last survivors of a brilliant society. She had lived in the heart of France's greatest period, and died before the glory had utterly departed. And the two pictures she has left behind her of the Court of Louis XIV., in its youth and gaiety, in its decline and disillusion, are a kind of commentary upon the fate of mankind.

J. M. Shelmerdine.

# The Secret History of Madame Henrietta of England

First Wife of Philip of France, Duke of Orleans

## Preface

Henrietta of France, the widow of Charles I., compelled by adversity to withdraw to her native country, had chosen, as her habitual retreat, the Convent of Saint Mary of Chaillot. She was attracted to it by the beauty of the place, and still more by her friendship with Mother Angélique,[1] the Abbess of this house : a lady who had come to court in her early youth, as Maid of Honour to Anne of Austria, the wife of Louis XIII.

This prince, whose passions were exceedingly innocent, fell in love with her, and she responded to his passion with a most tender friendship; and so loyal was she to the confidence wherewith he honoured her as to be proof against all the possible advantages that Cardinal Richelieu had brought to her notice.

When this Minister saw that he could not win her over, he believed—nor did it seem unlikely—that she was influenced by the Bishop of Limoges, her uncle, who for his part was attached to the

[1] Mademoiselle de la Fayette.

Queen by Madame de Senecey.[1] With this in mind he resolved to bring about her downfall and compel her to withdraw from court. He therefore prevailed upon the King's chief valet, who was wholly in their confidence, and forced him to carry from one to the other tales that were quite opposed to the truth. She was young and inexperienced, and believed what she was told: she thought the King was going to abandon her, and so fled to the Convent of St. Mary. The King made every effort to get her out of it, showing her clearly her mistake and the falsehoods in which she had believed. But she resisted all attempts, and in the shortest possible time, became a nun.

The King retained a great deal of friendship for her, and took her into his confidence: thus, despite her religious vocation, she was greatly esteemed, as she deserved to be. I married her brother some years before she took her vows, and since I often went to the convent, I saw there the young English Princess,[2] whose wit and merit delighted me. This acquaintance afterwards gave me the honour of some familiarity with the Princess; so that, when she was married, her house was always open to me, and despite the fact that I was by ten years her senior, she treated me to the day of her death with every kindness, and the greatest consideration.

[1] Lady-in-Waiting to Anne of Austria.

[2] Henrietta of England, youngest daughter of Charles I.

I was by no means her confidante in certain matters; but once these affairs were of the past, and almost public knowledge, she took pleasure in narrating them to me.

In the year 1664, the Comte de Guiche was exiled. One day, while telling me some quite extraordinary instances of his passion for her: "Do you not think," she said, "that if all that has happened to me, and the matters pertaining thereto, were written down, they would make a fine story? You write well," she added; "write, and I will supply you with plenty of recollections." I entered with pleasure into the scheme, and we devised the plan of our story, just as it will be found in this book.

For some time, whenever I found her alone, she would relate to me private matters of which I was ignorant; but the whim soon left her, and what I had begun lay by for four or five years, without her ever giving it a thought.

In 1669, the King went to Chambord: she was at Saint-Cloud, where she was lying-in of a daughter, now reigning Duchess of Savoy. I was beside her, but few others were present. She remembered the project of the story, and told me she would have me take it up again. Then she narrated the rest of the facts she had previously begun upon, and I again set myself to the task, showing her each morning what I had written upon her recollections of the previous night. She was well-pleased with my work. It was by

no means an easy matter, in certain places, so to twist the truth that it might clearly be understood, and yet in no way offensive or disagreeable to the Princess. She rallied me about those parts that gave me the greatest trouble, and took such pleasure in what I was writing, that, during a two-days' stay I made in Paris, she wrote herself that which I have marked as being by her own hand and which I still possess.

The King returned ; she left Saint-Cloud, and our work was abandoned. The following year she was in England ; and, only a day or two after her return, this Princess lost her life in a manner which will ever astonish those who read this history. I had the honour to be beside her when this disastrous accident occurred ; I was sensible of all the pain that one can feel in witnessing the death of the most amiable Princess that ever lived, and who had honoured me with her goodwill. For such a loss as this there can be no consolation : it is of the kind that leaves a tinge of bitterness behind it, throughout the rest of life.

The death of the Princess left me with neither the power nor the will to continue this history ; and I only added the circumstances of her death, of which I had been a witness.

# The First Part

PEACE had been made between France and Spain ; after a great many difficulties, the King's marriage had been achieved ; and Cardinal Mazarin, full of pride for the peace he had given to France, seemed to have nothing to do but to bask in the great riches wherewith fortune had favoured him. Never had minister governed with so absolute a power : and never had minister so well employed his power for the establishment of his personal dignity.

The Queen Mother,[1] during her regency, had relegated to him the royal authority, as a burden too heavy for one of so idle a nature as hers to bear. The King,[2] on reaching his majority, had found the power in the Cardinal's hands, and had had neither the strength, nor perhaps the desire, to take it from him. The troubles that had been stirred up by this Cardinal's ill-conduct were represented to him as the results of the hatred of princes for a minister who would set bounds to their ambition ; he was caused to regard the minister as a man who, alone and unaided, had grasped the helm of State in the tempest which had arisen,[3] and whose wise conduct had perhaps saved France from shipwreck.

[1] Anne of Austria, widow of Louis XIII.
[2] Louis XIV. [3] The Fronde.

These considerations, added to a submission imbibed with his milk, rendered the King more subject to the Cardinal's dominion than the Queen had ever been. The star which so directed the scope of his authority extended its influence even to the realms of love. The King could not bestow his heart out of the family of this happy minister ; he had given it, in his earliest youth, to the Cardinal's third niece, Mademoiselle de Mancini ;[1] and if he withdrew it at a later age, it was but to give it wholly to a fourth niece, who bore this same name of Mancini :[2] and to her he proved so submissive that one may say she was the mistress of a prince whom we have since known to be the master both of his mistress and of his love.

It was the Cardinal's lucky star alone that produced so extraordinary an effect. It had already stifled all that remained of cabal and dissension in France ; a general peace had ended all foreign wars ; the Cardinal had satisfied in part the obligations he owed the Queen by arranging for the King the marriage she so ardently desired ; and he brought it about, although he believed it contrary to his own interests.

Yet even this marriage favoured him, and the gentle, peaceful nature of the Queen[3] could give

[1] Olympe Mancini, afterwards Comtesse de Soissons.
[2] Marie Mancini, afterwards married to the Connétable Colonna.
[3] Marie-Thérèse of Spain.

him no fear that she would seek to wrest from him the government of the country ; in fine, to complete his welfare he needed nothing but its long duration : and it was this that failed him. For death interrupted his perfect felicity ; and not long after his return from the journey which saw the peace and the marriage achieved, he died at his residence in the forest of Vincennes, with a courage far more philosophical than christian.[1]

At his death he left an immense amount of riches, choosing as heir to his name and fortune the son of Marshal de la Meilleraye.[2] He caused this young man to marry Hortense, the most lovely of his nieces, and disposed in his favour of all such revenues as depended on the King, in just the same way as he disposed of his own private property. The King, however, agreed to this disposition of his affairs, as well as to the distribution he made upon his death-bed of all such posts and benefices as then were vacant. In fact, after his death his shade remained master of all things, and it seemed that the King had no thought but to act according to the sentiments this minister had inspired.

The Cardinal's death aroused great hopes in all those who might aspire to the ministry ; they thought—and very naturally—that a King who had hitherto allowed himself to be wholly ruled, both in matters which concerned his state and in

[1] March 9th 1661.
[2] Subsequently referred to as the Duc Mazarin.

those which concerned his person, would gladly submit to the guidance of a minister who would take naught upon himself save the public affairs, and refrain from inquiring into His Majesty's private actions. It never entered their heads that a man could be so utterly unlike himself, and that, having hitherto left the royal authority in the hands of his chief minister, he could wish to resume both this authority and the functions of the minister at one and the same time.

So a good many people hoped to take part in the government, and a good many ladies, for reasons not dissimilar, hoped for an ample share in the King's good graces. They had seen that he was passionately enamoured of Mademoiselle de Mancini, and that, to all appearance, she had wielded over him a power as complete as ever mistress had to sway the heart of a lover. For themselves they hoped that, surpassing her in charms, they might gain at least an equal credit, and many had already chosen for their model the fortunes of the Duchesse de Beaufort.[1]

But in order that the reader may better understand the state of things at court after the death of Cardinal Mazarin, and the subsequent matters of which we shall have to speak, we must describe in one or two words the persons of the royal household, the ministers who could aim at governing the State, and the ladies who could aspire to the King's good graces.

[1] Gabrielle d'Estrées, the mistress of Henri IV.

*A Portrait of the Queen-Mother : Anne of Austria.*

The Queen Mother, by reason of her rank, occupied the chief place in the Royal household ; and, to all appearance, she should have held it by her influence as well ; but those same natural characteristics, which had made the royal authority a heavy burden to her, whilst it was wholly in her hands, prevented her from seeking to regain a part of it, once it had slipped from her grasp. She had seemed of a restless temperament and greatly disposed to political affairs during the lifetime of the King her husband ; but once she had become mistress both of herself and of the kingdom, she had thought of nothing but to live a peaceful life, employing her time in devotions, and evincing an almost complete indifference to other matters. She was nevertheless sensitive concerning her children's affections, and had brought them up at her side with a tenderness that occasioned her some feeling of jealousy for those in whose company they sought their pleasures. She was happy, therefore, so long as they took pains to see her, and was incapable of making the effort to exercise over them any real control.

*A Portrait of Madame Thérèse of Austria.*

The young Queen was twenty-two years old, and of a well-turned figure ; yet though one

might call her beautiful, it could not be said that she was pleasing. The short time that she had been in France, and the impression that had been given of her before she came, had this result: that one scarcely knew her, or at any rate, thought not to know her, finding her of a turn of mind far removed from the ambitious scheming of which so much had been said. She was seen to be wholly given up to a violent passion for the King, and attached, so far as all her other actions went, to the Queen her mother-in-law, having no discrimination either for persons or pleasures, and being greatly subject to chagrin, by reason of the intense jealousy which she felt for the King.

*A Portrait of Philip of France, Duke of Orleans.*

Monsieur, the King's only brother, was no less attached than he to his mother, the Queen. He was by inclination as much disposed to the pursuits of women as the King was averse to them. He was well-made and handsome, but with a stature and type of beauty more fitting to a princess than a prince: and he had taken more pains to have his beauty admired of all the world than to employ it for the conquest of women, despite the fact that he was continually among them. His vanity, it seemed, made him incapable of affection, save for himself.

PHILIPPE OF FRANCE, DUKE OF ORLEANS

*A Portrait of Madame de Thianges.*

Madame de Thianges,[1] eldest daughter of the Duc de Mortemart, had seemed to please him more than any other lady ; yet their intimacy was a free and easy friendship rather than a true affair of gallantry. This prince's character was naturally mild, genial and polite ; he was capable of being predisposed, and so sensitive to impressions, that those who approached him could be well-nigh certain of prevailing, if they touched his weakest spot. He was swayed by jealousy, yet suffered himself the most from it, for his gentle nature made him incapable of those violent actions which his high rank would have permitted.

It is easy to see, from what we have said, that he had no part in affairs of State, since his youth, his disposition, and the absolute power of the Cardinal, were so many obstacles in the way.

*A Portrait of Louis XIV. as a young man.*

It would seem that, wishing to describe the royal household, I ought to have begun with him who is at its head. But there is no way to describe him save by his actions ; and those we had witnessed, up to the time of which we have been

[1] Mademoiselle de Rochechouart, elder sister of Madame de Montespan.

speaking, were so far removed from those we have since beheld, that they could in no wise serve to depict His Majesty. He can better be judged by what yet remains to be said, and will doubtless be found one of the greatest kings there has ever been, one of the most honest men in his kingdom, and, it might be added, the most perfect, were he but a little less sparing of the wit that Heaven has given him, allowing it a greater freedom and confining it less closely within the majesty of his station.

These were the persons who composed the royal household. As for the ministry, it seemed to be wavering between M. Fouquet, the Surintendant of Finances, M. le Tellier, Secretary of State, and M. Colbert.[1] This last had, of recent years, been wholly in the confidence of Cardinal Mazarin. It was known that as yet the King acted solely in accordance with the opinions and the memoirs of this Minister, but the exact nature of the opinions and memoirs he had given His Majesty were not divulged. There was no doubt but that he had destroyed the Queen Mother's credit with the King, as well as that of many other people ; but the identity of those whom he had established in His Majesty's favour was still a matter of question.

[1] Who, a year or two later, became Controller-General of Finances.

*A Portrait of M. Fouquet.*

Shortly before the Cardinal's death, M. Fouquet had narrowly missed losing his favour, by reason of a quarrel he had had with M. Colbert. The Surintendant was a man of wide interests and limitless ambition, polite and obliging to persons of high rank. He made use of the finances to fill his own pockets, and to further his own intrigues, which were legion, ranging as they did from political affairs to matters of personal gallantry.

*A Portrait of M. le Tellier.*

M. le Tellier appeared to be a man of greater wisdom and moderation, attached only to his private and more substantial interests. Nor could he be dazzled by luxury and pomp as could M. Fouquet.

*A Portrait of M. Colbert.*

For divers reasons, M. Colbert was little known, but it was understood that he had won the Cardinal's confidence by means of his talents and his economy. The King called none but these

three to his Council ; and every one was waiting to see which would prevail over the others, knowing that they were not in agreement, and that if they had been, it was impossible for them to remain so.

We have now but to speak of the ladies who were most in view at court, and who might aspire to the King's good graces.

*A Portrait of the Comtesse de Soissons.*

The Comtesse de Soissons might have laid claim to them, on account of the close friendship she still kept with him, as well as the fact that she had been his first love. This was a person whom one could not call lovely, and who nevertheless was capable of pleasing. Her wit had nothing unusual in it, nor was it highly polished, but simple and pleasant among her acquaintances. By reason of her uncle's great fortune she had never needed to restrain herself ; and the liberty to which she had been accustomed, joined to a lively disposition and an ardent temperament, made her so bent on having her own way that she could not be constrained, save by what pleased her. She was ambitious by nature, and during the time when the King had loved her, the throne had not seemed so far away that she had not dared aspire to it. Her uncle, who deeply loved her, had not

been averse to the plan of raising her thereto ; but all the makers of horoscopes had so often assured her she would never reach it, that she had given up all thought of doing so, and had married the Comte de Soissons. But she still retained some favour with the King, and a certain liberty of speaking to him more freely than the others ; wherefore the suspicion frequently arose that gallantry, at times, still formed part of their intercourse.

Yet it seemed impossible that the King would give back his heart to her. This prince was, in some sort, more susceptible to the honesty of an attachment to himself than to the charm and merit of the person attached. He had loved the Comtesse de Soissons before her marriage ; he had ceased to love her because he thought that Villequier did not displease her. He may have thought it without good reason ; there is indeed some likelihood that he was mistaken, since had she loved Villequier, it would soon have been apparent, so little was she able to restrain herself. But still, since he had left her on the mere suspicion that she loved another, he would take good care not to return to her when he believed for a certainty that she loved the Marquis de Vardes.

Mademoiselle de Mancini[1] was still at court when her uncle died. Before his death he had arranged her marriage with the Connétable Colonna ; and now she was but awaiting the man

[1] Marie Mancini.

who should marry her in the name of this Connétable, before leaving France. It was hard to discern what were her feelings towards the King, and what were his towards her. He had passionately loved her, as we have said, and, to explain whither this passion had led him, we must relate in a few words what had happened after the Cardinal's death.

This attachment had begun during the sojourn at Calais, and had been born of gratitude rather than of beauty : for Mademoiselle de Mancini had none ; her person was not charming, and neither was her wit, though she had a great deal of it. Her character was bold, resolute, fiery and wanton, completely denuded of civility and refinement.

During a dangerous illness that had attacked the King at Calais,[1] she had evinced so violent an affliction, and had concealed it so little, that once he began to recover every one spoke to him of Mademoiselle de Mancini's grief ; perhaps in due course she spoke of it herself. In fine, she displayed so much passion, wholly breaking down the constraint in which the Queen Mother and Cardinal kept her, that one may say she compelled the King to love her.

The Cardinal at first did not oppose this passion, thinking that it could but be favourable to his own interests : but later, when he found that his niece would give him no account of her commerce

[1] Small-pox.

with the King, and that she was gaining upon him all the influence possible, he began to fear lest she should gain too much, and sought in some measure to lessen the attachment. But he soon saw that he had thought of this too late: the King had abandoned himself wholly to his passion, and the antagonism the Cardinal displayed served but to embitter his niece against him, and encouraged her to render him all kinds of disservices.

Nor did she fail to render them to the Queen, disparaging her to the King, either casting aspersions on her conduct during her regency, or informing him of all that gossip had devised against her. In brief, she so utterly estranged from the King all those who might have done her an injury, and made herself so completely mistress of his will, that, at the time when the negotiations for the peace and the marriage were beginning, he begged the Cardinal's permission to make her his wife, and disclosed by all his actions that this was his desire.

The Cardinal, knowing the horror with which the Queen would greet such a proposal of marriage, and realizing that to carry it through would be very risky for himself, thought to make a virtue towards Queen and State of a matter he believed to be contrary to his private interests. He declared to the King that never would he consent to allow him so disproportionate a marriage; and that, should he make it of his own absolute authority,

he, the Cardinal, would forthwith beg his permission to retire from France.

The Cardinal's resistance astonished the King, and it may be that it occasioned some reflections which diminished the violence of his love. The negotiations for the peace and the marriage went on ; and the Cardinal, before going to draw up the articles for both, felt disinclined to leave his niece at court ; he resolved, in fact, to send her to Brouage. The King was as deeply afflicted as lover can be, whose mistress has been taken from him : but Mademoiselle de Mancini, who was not too satisfied with the movements of his heart, and who would have liked him to give proof of his love by exercising his authority, reproached him, when she saw him shedding tears as she stepped into her coach, *that he should weep when he was the master*. Yet her reproaches did not compel him to become it ; he suffered her to go, afflicted though he was, promising her notwithstanding that he would never agree to the Spanish marriage, nor abandon his intent to marry her.

Not long afterwards all the court left for Bordeaux, so as to be nearer the spot where negotiations for peace were going on.

The King saw Mademoiselle de Mancini at Saint-Jean d'Angely : he seemed more enamoured than ever of her during the few moments they had together, and vowed again the same fidelity. But time, absence and reason caused him at length to break his promise, and when the treaty was

made he went to sign it on the Isle of the Conference, and to take the Infanta of Spain from the hands of the King her father, that he might make her Queen of France upon the morrow.

And then the court returned to Paris, and the Cardinal, having nothing more to fear, brought back his nieces.

Mademoiselle de Mancini was beside herself with fury and despair : it seemed to her that she had lost at a blow the most amiable lover and the finest crown in the universe. A calmer temperament than hers would have found it hard not to rage at such a moment : and indeed she abandoned herself to fire and fury.

The King's passion for her had abated ; the possession of a princess so young and lovely as the Queen his wife kept him pleasantly occupied. But since a man's affection for his wife is rarely an obstacle to the love he feels for his mistress, the King would perhaps have come back to Mademoiselle de Mancini, had he not known that among all those who were seeking her hand in marriage, she most ardently desired Duke Charles, the nephew of the Duke of Lorraine, and if he had not been persuaded that this prince had touched her heart. But this marriage fell through for several reasons, and the Cardinal betrothed her to the Connétable Colonna, but died, as we have said, before the marriage took place.

Mademoiselle de Mancini felt such a horrible repugnance to this marriage and so heartily wished

to escape it, that, had she seen a possibility of regaining the King's affections, she would have cast her resentment aside and striven for it with all her might. The public knew naught of the King's secret umbrage at the liking she had shown for a marriage with the nephew of the Duke of Lorraine ; and since His Majesty was often seen going to the Mazarin Palace, where she was lodging with Madame Mazarin her sister, no one knew whether he was drawn there by the smouldering embers of an old passion, or by the sparks of a new one, which the eyes of Madame Mazarin were not incapable of kindling.

*A Portrait of Madame Mazarin.*

She was, as we have said, not only the loveliest of the Cardinal's nieces, but also one of the most perfect beauties at court. She lacked but the wit to be accomplished, and to give her the vivacity she needed : yet even this was not a fault to every eye, and many people thought that her languishing airs and her indifference had power to inspire love.

And so all opinions tended to the belief that the King had a mind for her, and that the Cardinal's star would yet keep his heart in the family. It is true that there were grounds for the surmise : for the King's intimacy with the Car-

dinal's nieces made him more ready to converse with them than with any other women ; and the beauty of Madame Mazarin, together with the advantage which a husband who is by no means lovable confers upon a King who is so, in the highest degree, might easily have involved them in a passion, had not M. Mazarin with the prudence he has often since displayed, removed his wife from the King's proximity.

There was still a number of beautiful women at court upon whom the King might have turned his attention.

*A Portrait of Madame d'Armagnac.*

Madame d'Armagnac, daughter of Marshal de Villeroy, was of a beauty to attract the eyes of all the world. Whilst yet a maid, she had given great cause for hope to all who had loved her, that she would willingly suffer them to do so once marriage should have brought her to a freer state. But as soon as she had married M. d'Armagnac, either she was sensible of some passion for him, or age rendered her more circumspect, for she withdrew entirely into her family.

The second daughter of the Duc de Mortemart, called Mademoiselle de la Tonnay Charente,[1] was also a finished beauty, though she was not wholly

[1] Subsequently Madame de Montespan.

pleasing. She had a great deal of wit, of the easy and natural kind, like all the rest of her family.

The other beautiful women who were at court have too little to do with my story for it to be necessary to speak of them ; and we shall but mention those who are concerned, according as the story will require.

# The Second Part

The court had returned to Paris directly after the Cardinal's death. The King applied himself to gaining a detailed knowledge of affairs: to this occupation he devoted most of his time, and the rest of it he shared with the Queen his wife.

The man who was to marry Mademoiselle Mancini in the name of the Connétable Colonna arrived in Paris, and she suffered the grief of being expelled from France by the King: in truth it was done with all the honours imaginable. The King behaved, with regard to her marriage and everything else, as if her uncle were still alive. Nevertheless, he married her off, and caused her to depart with some precipitation. She bore her sorrows with great firmness, and even with pride; but at the first place where she lodged after leaving Paris, she was so crushed with grief, so overwhelmed by the violence she had done herself, that she thought to remain there. But at length she continued her journey and went to Italy, with the consolation of being no longer subject to a King whose throne she had hoped to share.

The first important thing to happen after the Cardinal's death was the marriage of Monsieur with the Princess of England. This too had been wrought by the Cardinal; and although such an

alliance had seemd contrary to all political rules, he had thought to depend so implicitly on the gentle disposition of Monsieur and his affection for the King, that there was nothing to fear in giving him a King of England as his brother-in-law.

The history of our age is filled with great revolutions in that country; and the disaster which caused the best King in the world[1] to lose his life on a scaffold at the hands of his subjects, and which forced the Queen his wife to seek refuge in the kingdom of her fathers, is an example of the fickleness of fortune that is known throughout the earth.

*A Portrait of Madame.*

The disastrous change in the fortunes of this royal house was in some ways favourable to the Princess of England. She was still in her nurse's arms, and was the only one of all the children of the Queen her mother[2] to be with her in her misfortunes. This Queen devoted herself entirely to the care of her education; and since the unhappy state of her affairs caused her to live as a private person rather than as a sovereign, this young princess acquired all the insight, all the

[1] Charles I., executed January 30th 1649.
[2] Henrietta of France, widow of Charles I.

civility and kindliness of humbler conditions, whilst maintaining in her heart and in her person the nobility of her royal birth.

As soon as this princess began to leave childhood behind her, she was thought to have an extraordinary charm. The Queen Mother showed great affection for her, and since at that time there seemed little likelihood that the King would be able to marry the Infanta, her niece, she seemed to desire that he should marry this Princess. The King, on the contrary, showed an aversion for this marriage, and even for the person of the Princess: he thought her too young for him, and admitted at length that she displeased him, though he could give no reason. And in truth, it had been hard to find one; for exactly what the English Princess possessed in the highest degree was the gift of pleasing, together with what we call grace, and her charms were distributed throughout her person, revealed alike in her actions and her wit; and never has princess been able to make herself so equally beloved of men and adored of women.

As she grew, her beauty too increased; so that when the King's marriage had been effected, hers with Monsieur was resolved upon. There was no one at court to compare with her.

About this time, the King her brother was restored to the throne[1] by a revolution almost as swift as that which had banished him. His

[1] Charles II., restored in 1660.

mother wished to go thither, that she might rejoice in seeing him the peaceful possessor of his kingdom ; and before concluding the marriage of the Princess her daughter, she took her to England. It was during this journey that the Princess began to realize the power of her charms. The Duke of Buckingham, son of him who was beheaded,[1] a young and handsome man, was deeply attached to the Princess Royal her sister,[2] at this time in London. Great the attachment might be, but it could not withstand the power of the Princess of England ; and this Duke became so passionately enamoured of her, that he might be said to have lost his reason.

The Queen of England was every day harassed by letters from Monsieur, begging her to return to France and conclude the marriage, which he seemed to desire most impatiently. So she was forced to leave, though the weather was sorely rough and unpleasant. The King her son accompanied her to within a day of London. The Duke of Buckingham followed, as did all the rest of the court ; but instead of returning with them, he could not resign himself to leaving the Princess of England, and begged the King's permission to cross to France : and thus, without baggage, or anything necessary for such a voyage, he embarked at Portsmouth with the Queen.

[1] In truth he was assassinated.

[2] Mary, widow of William II. of Orange, and mother of William III. Hating Holland, she had vowed to return as soon as her family was restored.

The first day the wind favoured them, but on the morrow it was so contrary that the Queen's ship ran aground, and was in danger of being lost. Great was the horror on board ; and the Duke of Buckingham, in fear for more than one life, appeared to suffer an inconceivable despair. At length the ship was saved from the perils that encompassed it, but they were forced to put into harbour.

The Princess of England was attacked by a violent fever, yet she had the courage to wish to re-embark as soon as the wind was favourable : but directly she was on board again, the measles developed. So they could not quit the land, nor could they think of disembarking, for fear of endangering her life by such a movement.

Her illness was very dangerous. The Duke of Buckingham behaved like a madman in despair at the time when he thought her life to be in peril. When at length she was well enough to bear the sea and to land at Havre, he displayed so extravagant a jealousy for the care the English Admiral took of this Princess, that he quarrelled with him without the smallest reason ; and the Queen, fearing lest there should be a scandal, commanded the Duke of Buckingham to go to Paris, whilst she sojourned awhile at Havre, that the Princess her daughter might regain a little strength.

When she was quite restored to health she returned to Paris. Monsieur went to meet her

with all possible alacrity, and continued, up to the time of his marriage, to render her services which were lacking in naught but love ; for the miracle of kindling this prince's heart was reserved for no earthly woman.

*A Portrait of the Comte de Guiche.*

At this time the Comte de Guiche was his favourite. He was the most handsome and elegant man at court, of an amiable disposition, gallant, dauntless and brave, full of nobleness and high qualities. The self-esteem born of so many virtues, and the scornful air that attended his every action, seemed slightly to tarnish all this merit ; yet one must admit that not a man at court possessed so much as he. Monsieur had loved him deeply from childhood, and had maintained with him an intimacy as close as can exist between two young men.

The Comte was then in love with Madame de Chalais, daughter of the Duc de Noirmoutier ; a lady who was exceedingly amiable, though by no means lovely. Everywhere he went in quest of her, and pursued her no matter whither : it was, in fine, so open and avowed a passion that one might doubt if it were approved by her who caused it, imagining that, had there been any intercourse between them, she would have bidden

him follow a more secret path. Nevertheless, it is certain that if he was not wholly loved, he was yet not hated, and that she suffered his love without displeasure. The Duke of Buckingham was the first to doubt that she had enough of charm to hold a man who would every day be exposed to that of the Princess of England. One day that he had come to see her, Madame de Chalais came too. The Princess told him in English that this was the mistress of the Comte de Guiche, asking him if he did not think her very pleasing. "No," he replied, "I do not think her good enough for him, whom, despite myself, I believe to be the best fellow at court; but I hope, Madam, that every one is not of my opinion." The Princess gave no thought to his words, regarding them as a consequence of the Duke's passion; for every day he gave her some new token of it, and made it only too apparent to the eyes of all the world.

Monsieur soon noticed it, and on this occasion the Princess of England discovered for the first time that innate jealousy, of which, ever afterwards, he gave her such frequent proof. She saw his trouble, therefore, and since she had no thought for the Duke of Buckingham, who, though very pleasing, has often had the misfortune not to be loved, she spoke to the Queen her mother, who took care to set Monsieur's mind at rest, and to make him believe that the Duke's passion was regarded as a matter for ridicule.

This was by no means displeasing to Monsieur, yet he was not wholly satisfied ; he opened his heart to the Queen his mother, who showed some indulgence for the Duke's passion, on account of that which his father had disclosed for her.[1] She would have no fuss made, but thought he should be given to understand, when he had stayed a while longer in France, that his return to England was necessary. And this, in due course, was done.

At length Monsieur's marriage was celebrated during Lent, without ceremony, in the palace chapel. All the court paid its respects to the Princess of England, who will henceforward be called Madame.

There was not a soul but was surprised by her charm, her amiability and her wit. Since the Queen Mother had kept her close at her side, she had never been seen save in this Queen's apartments, where she hardly spoke at all. It was a new discovery to find her wit as pleasing as all the rest of her. Nothing else was talked of, and every one hastened to sing her praises.

Soon after her marriage, she came to lodge with Monsieur at the Tuileries ; the King and Queen went to Fontainebleau ; Monsieur and Madame remained a while in Paris. Then it was that all France was at her doors ; the men thought of nothing but to pay their court to her, and all the women strove to please her.

[1] The first Duke of Buckingham was said to have been Anne of Austria's lover, in the early days of her unhappy marriage to Louis XIII.

Madame de Valentinois,[1] sister of the Comte de Guiche, whom Monsieur greatly loved on her brother's account and also on her own (he had for her all the inclination of which he was capable) was one of those whom she elected to share her pleasures ; Mesdemoiselles de Créqui et de Châtillon,[2] and Mademoiselle de Tonnay-Charente[3] had the honour to be often in her company, as well as certain other people to whom she had shown great kindness before her marriage.

Mademoiselle de la Trémouille and Madame de la Fayette[4] were of this number. The first pleased her for her good nature, and for a certain ingenuity in relating whatever she had at heart, which recalled the simplicity of an earlier age. The other lady had pleased her by good luck ; for, though she was thought to be not without merit, it was apparently of such a serious kind, that it did not seem likely to attract a princess as young as Madame. Nevertheless, this lady had proved agreeable to her, and, for her own part, had been so touched by Madame's wit and merit, that she pleased her ever afterwards by the affection she displayed.

All these persons spent the afternoons with Madame. They had the honour of following her when she rode ; then, when they returned from

[1] Subsequently Madame de Monaco.
[2] Subsequently Duchess of Meckelbourg.
[3] Subsequently Madame de Montespan.
[4] The author of these Memoirs.

taking the air, there was supper at Monsieur's ; after supper all the men of the court would appear, and the evening be spent in various amusements, at the play, in gaming, at music or dancing ; in brief, the diversions were the pleasantest imaginable, and wholly free from boredom. Mademoiselle de Chalais came fairly often ; the Comte de Guiche did not fail to appear ; his familiarity with Monsieur permitted him to visit this prince at the most private hours. He saw Madame at all times, and in all her charms ; Monsieur even took care that he should have an opportunity of admiring them. In brief, Monsieur exposed him to a peril from which it was almost impossible that he should escape.

After staying a while in Paris, Monsieur and Madame went to Fontainebleau : and thither with Madame went gaiety and pleasure. Seeing her at closer quarters, the King realised how unjust he had been in not thinking her the loveliest person in the world. He grew deeply attached to her and showed her a great condescension. She arranged all the pleasure-parties ; they were all given for her, and it seemed indeed that the King had no pleasure apart from hers. It was then midsummer ; Madame bathed every day ; she went in her coach on account of the heat, but returned on horseback, followed by all the ladies in gallant attire, a thousand feathers nodding on their heads, the King accompanying her, with all the youth of the court. After supper, they

would get into their carriages and, to the sound of violins, drive around the canal for the greater part of the night.

The King's affection for Madame soon began to make a stir, and to be diversely interpreted. The Queen Mother at first suffered greatly from it : it seemed to her that Madame had taken him wholly from her, that to Madame he gave all the hours that formerly had been hers. Madame's extreme youth convinced her that this would be easily remedied, and that, if she caused her to be spoken to by the Abbé Montagu, and by some other persons who should be able to influence her, Madame would be forced to attach herself more closely to the person of the Queen Mother, and abstain from enticing the King into pleasures which deprived the latter of his company.

But Madame was tired of boredom, and of the constraint she had suffered at the hands of the Queen, her own mother. She thought that the Queen, her mother-in-law, meant to take the same tone of authority ; she was filled with joy at having won over the King, and at knowing from his own lips that the Queen Mother sought to estrange him from her. All this diverted her so completely from the prudent measures they would have had her take, that it may be said she observed no measure at all. She formed a close friendship with the Comtesse de Soissons, at that time the object of the Queen's jealousy and the Queen Mother's intense dislike, and she thought

of nothing but to please the King as a sister-in-law. I think she pleased him in another way ; I think, too, that she believed he did not please her save as a brother-in-law, though it may be that he pleased her more ; however, since they were both extremely amiable, both born with gallant dispositions, and met every day in the midst of pleasures and amusements, it seemed clear to every eye that they had for each other the charm that commonly precedes the greatest passions.

This soon made a considerable stir at court. The Queen Mother was delighted to find so specious a pretext of seemliness and piety with which to oppose the King's attachment to Madame. She had no difficulty in making Monsieur share her feelings ; he was jealous anyhow and was becoming more so on account of Madame's mood, which he found less averse to gallantry than he could have desired.

Between her and the Queen Mother, daily the bitterness increased. The King gave every support to Madame, but he nevertheless kept on good terms with the Queen Mother ; so that when she repeated to Monsieur what the King had said, Monsieur found in it matter enough to seek to persuade Madame that the King had for her less consideration than was apparent. All this formed such a circle of gossip and dispute that it gave not a moment's rest to either camp. Yet the King and Madame, without any explanation

between themselves as to their feelings for each other, continued to live in such a way that no one could doubt but it was something more than friendship.

The gossip grew louder ; and the Queen Mother and Monsieur spoke so strongly to the King and Madame, that they began to open their eyes, and perhaps to make the reflections they had not yet made : in brief, they resolved to put a stop to all this chatter, and, whatever their reason might be, they agreed between themselves that the King should play the lover to somebody at court. They cast their eyes over those who seemed most fitted to their purpose, and chose among others Mademoiselle de Pon,[1] a relative of Marshal d'Albret, who, being newly come from the provinces, had not all the skill imaginable ; they also hit upon Chemerault[2] one of the Queen's maids of honour, a great coquette, and upon La Vallière, a maid of Madame's, who was pretty and gentle, and very innocent. This girl's fortune was small ; her mother was re-married to Saint-Remy, chief steward to the Duke of Orleans ; so she had almost always been at Orleans or Blois. She thought herself very fortunate to be in Madame's service. Every one thought her pretty ; more than one young man had thought to win her affections : the Comte de Guiche more than the rest, and he seemed still bent on it when the

[1] Subsequently Madame d'Hudicourt.
[2] Subsequently referred to as Madame de la Basinière.

King chose her as one of the ladies with whom he meant to deceive the public. By common consent with Madame, he began to play the lover not only to one of the three they had chosen, but to all three at once. But he was not long in making up his mind : his heart decided him in favour of La Vallière ; and though he did not cease to whisper soft words to the others, and even to have a fairly regular commerce with Chemerault, La Vallière drew all his attentions and his assiduity.

The Comte de Guiche, who was not sufficiently in love to persist in the face of so redoubtable a rival, forsook her and quarrelled with her, not without saying some rather disagreeable things.

Madame saw with some dismay that the King was growing genuinely attached to La Vallière. It could not, perhaps, be said that she felt what is actually called jealousy, but she would have been very pleased had there been no true passion in it, and had he still kept for herself that kind of attachment which, though shorn of the violence of love, has yet its tenderness and its charm.

Long before her marriage, it had been said that the Comte de Guiche would fall in love with her ; and as soon as he quitted La Vallière, people began to say he was enamoured of Madame, and it may be that they said it before the thought had ever occurred to him : but this rumour was not displeasing to his vanity, and since his inclinations did perhaps dispose him to it, he took no great

pains to prevent himself falling in love, nor to prevent others from suspecting that he had done so. They were then rehearsing at Fontainebleau a ballet in which the King and Madame were dancing, and which was the most pleasing that had ever been given, either because of the spot in which it was danced, being on the edge of a lake, or by reason of the device they had found to bring from one end of an alley to the other the entire stage, filled with an infinity of persons, who approached imperceptibly and danced an *entrée* before the audience.

During the rehearsals of this ballet, the Comte de Guiche was very often in Madame's company, for he was dancing in the same *entrée*. As yet he dared say nothing of his sentiments ; but, by virtue of a certain familiarity he had acquired with her, he took the liberty to ask her for tidings of her heart, as to whether, as yet, anything had touched it. She answered him with great kindness and amiability, and he sometimes went so far as to cry out, in fleeing from her side, that he was in the gravest peril.

Madame took all this as a matter of gallantry, and paid it no more attention ; but the public saw through it more clearly than herself. The Comte de Guiche, as has been said, showed plainly what was in his heart, so that the fame of it began to spread at once. Madame's great friendship with the Duchesse de Valentinois fostered the thought that there was some understanding

between them, and people regarded Monsieur, who appeared to be in love with Madame de Valentinois, as the dupe of both brother and sister. It is true, nevertheless, that the Duchess meddled but little with this intrigue; and although her brother did not conceal from her the passion he felt for Madame, she did not start the intercourse that has since come to light.

Meanwhile, the King's affection for La Vallière continued to increase ; he was making great progress in her favour. He acted with considerable prudence, for he did not see her at Madame's, or on the daily expeditions ; but during the evening drives he would leave Madame's calash and place himself beside that of La Vallière, the windows being let down ; and thus, in the obscurity of the night, he could converse with her with the greatest ease.

The Queen Mother and Madame were no less at outs. When it was seen that the King was not enamoured of the latter, but of La Vallière, and that Madame did not oppose the attentions he paid this girl, the Queen Mother was exasperated; she so influenced Monsieur's mind that he grew exasperated too, and raised it as a point of honour that the King had no business to fall in love with one of Madame's maids. Madame, for her part, fell short in many respects of the consideration she owed to Monsieur ; so great was the acrimony on every side.

At the same time the gossip increased anent the

passion of the Comte de Guiche ; Monsieur soon heard of it, and gave him a chilly reception. The Comte de Guiche, either by reason of his haughty disposition, or from annoyance that Monsieur should know of a matter of which he had preferred him to be ignorant, had a most insolent explanation with this Prince, and quarrelled with him as though he had been his equal. This became public knowledge, and the Comte de Guiche retired from court.

On the day that this disturbance occurred, Madame was keeping her room and seeing nobody. She gave orders that no one should be admitted save those who were rehearsing with her, the Comte de Guiche being of the number ; but she was wholly ignorant of what had happened. When the King came to her, she told him of the orders that she had given, and the King replied with a smile that she had made no mistake about those who should be exempted. Then he related to her what had just taken place between Monsieur and the Comte de Guiche. The story was known to everybody, and Marshal de Grammont, father of the Comte de Guiche, sent his son back to Paris and forbade him to return to Fontainebleau.

During this time the affairs of State ran no more peacefully than those of love, and although M. Fouquet, since the Cardinal's death, had begged the King's pardon for his past offences, and although the King had granted it, so that he seemed to be more in the royal favour than any

of the other Ministers, yet there were people working hard to encompass his ruin, and this had been resolved upon. Madame de Chevreuse, who had maintained something of her former great influence over the Queen Mother, undertook to dispose her to ruin M. Fouquet.

M. de Laiques, married in secret, it was said, to Madame de Chevreuse, was ill-content with this surintendant : he prevailed upon Madame de Chevreuse. M. le Tellier and M. Colbert joined in their plot. The Queen Mother made a journey to Dampierre, and there the ruin of M. Fouquet was resolved upon, the King being afterwards induced to consent to it. They decided to arrest this surintendant ; but since the ministers feared, and quite without cause, the number of friends he had in the kingdom, they persuaded the King to go to Nantes, so as to be near Belle-Isle, which M. Fouquet had just bought and of which he was now the master.

This voyage had been planned a long time before it was openly proposed ; but at length they found pretext enough to begin to speak of it. M. Fouquet, far from thinking that the object of this journey was his ruin, believed he was now quite certain of his luck. And the King, in concert with the other Ministers, that he might not have the faintest suspicion of the truth, treated him with every mark of distinction : so no one doubted but that he was in the highest favour.

For a long time past the King had said that

he would like to go to Vaux, the magnificent house of this surintendant ; and despite the fact that prudence should have prevented M. Fouquet from showing to the King anything which so clearly spoke of his misuse of the finances, despite the fact also that the King's generosity should have forbidden him to visit a man he meant to ruin, yet neither the one nor the other gave a thought to it.

All the court went to Vaux, and M. Fouquet joined to the magnificence of his house everything he could imagine to add to the beauty of the diversions and the splendour of the reception.[1] The King on his arrival was astonished, as was M. Fouquet on remarking the King's astonishment. However, they both pulled themselves together. The *fête* was the most perfect that has ever been devised. The King was then in all the first ardour of his possession of La Vallière ; it has been said that at Vaux he saw her for the first time in private ; but in truth for some time past he had been meeting her in the room of the Comte de Saint-Aignan, who was his confidant in this intrigue.

A day or two after the *fête* at Vaux, the court left for Nantes ; and this voyage, for which there seemed to be no reason, was put down to the whim of a young king. M. Fouquet, despite a quartan fever, followed the court and was arrested

[1] It is said that the splendour of Vaux was still in the King's mind when he planned Versailles.

at Nantes. This turn of affairs was a surprise to every one, as can well be imagined, and it so flabbergasted M. Fouquet's relations and friends, that they did not think of hiding his papers, though they had plenty of time to do so. He was arrested in his house, without any formality ; he was sent to Angers, and the King returned to Fontainebleau.

All M. Fouquet's friends were banished and expelled from affairs of State. The Council of the other Ministers[1] was finally determined, M. Colbert having the finances, though some hope had been given to Marshal de Villeroy. M. de Colbert began to acquire in His Majesty's eyes that favour which had since rendered him the first statesman of the realm.

In M. Fouquet's coffers they found more love-letters than papers of importance ; and since one or two names were met with there of women who had never been thought to have any commerce with him, this gave rise to the saying that among his papers were represented all the most honest women in France. The only one to be convicted was Meneville, maid of honour to the Queen : one of the court's chief beauties, whom the Duc d'Auville had wanted to marry. She was banished, and withdrew into a convent.

[1] Lionne, Le Tellier and Colbert.

# The Third Part

The Comte de Guiche had not followed the King on the journey to Nantes. Before her departure thither, certain things he had said in Paris had come to Madame's ears : things which seemed intended to convince the public that it was making no mistake in judging him to be in love with her. This was displeasing to her, all the more since Madame de Valentinois, whom he had begged to speak to Madame in his favour, far from doing so, had always declared to her that her brother had no thought of aspiring so high, and had besought her to put no faith in any of the tales that would-be meddlers might tell concerning him ; Madame, therefore, saw nothing but an offensive self-conceit in what the Comte de Guiche had said. Although she was very young, and although her lack of experience enhanced the shortcomings that are natural to youth, she resolved to beg the King to command the Comte de Guiche that he should not follow the court to Nantes ; but the Queen Mother had already forestalled this request, so hers was not made public.

Madame de Valentinois left, during the journey to Nantes, for Monaco. Monsieur was still in love with her, that is to say, as much as he could be. She had been adored since childhood by

Pequilin,[1] a younger member of the house of Lauzun ; the kinship that was between them had given him a footing of great familiarity in the Hôtel de Grammont, so that since both of them were apt to indulge in violent passions, nothing on earth could compare with that which they had had for one another. She had been married a year ago, against her will, to the Prince of Monaco; but since her husband was insufficiently charming to cause her to break with her lover, she loved him passionately still, and parted from him with considerable pain. And he, to continue seeing her, followed her in disguise, now as a pedlar, now as a postillion, in brief, however he might be unrecognizable to those around her. Before leaving, she had sought to persuade Monsieur to put no faith in all that was said to him concerning her brother and Madame, and she wanted him to promise that he would not banish the Comte de Guiche from court. Monsieur, who was already somewhat jealous of the Comte de Guiche, and who was experiencing the acrimony that one feels for those whom one has deeply loved and against whom one thinks to have cause for complaint, did not seem disposed to grant her request. She was annoyed, and they parted on bad terms.

The Comtesse de Soissons, whom the King had loved, and who was now in love with the Marquis de Vardes, did not cease to feel deeply chagrined. The King's great affection for La Vallière was

[1] Subsequently Duc de Lauzun.

the cause of her trouble, and still more, the fact that the young person was wholly swayed by the King's sentiments, and would give no account of what passed between His Majesty and herself either to Madame or to the Comtesse de Soissons. So the Comtesse de Soissons, who had always known the King to seek his pleasures in her house, saw clearly that this love-affair would estrange him from her. This did not dispose her in La Vallière's favour, a fact which the latter perceived; and the jealousy we commonly feel of those who have been beloved by those we love, added to a recognition of ill-services rendered, fostered in La Vallière a violent hatred for the Comtesse de Soissons.

Although His Majesty desired that La Vallière should have no confidante, it was not possible for a young person of no great capacity to keep to herself so important a matter as that of being beloved by the King.

*A Portrait of Montalais.*

Madame had a maid of honour called Montalais. This was a person whom nature had endowed with a good deal of wit, especially for intrigues and insinuations; whose actions were far from being dictated by reason and common sense. The only court she had seen was that of Madame

the Dowager[1] at Blois, where she had been a maid of honour. This lack of worldly experience, and a disposition to gallantry, rendered her a fitting confidante. She had already been in La Vallière's confidence at Blois, when a certain Bragelonne had been in love with the latter; a few letters had been exchanged, and Madame de Saint-Remy had observed it; in brief, the affair had not been carried far. The King, however, made it a matter for great jealousy.

La Vallière, therefore, finding in the same room as herself a girl in whom she had already confided, entrusted her once more with the whole of her confidence; and since Montalais had far more wit than she, this was to her an infinite solace and pleasure. But Montalais was not content with La Vallière's confidence: she wanted Madame's as well. It seemed to her that this princess had no aversion for the Comte de Guiche; and when the Comte de Guiche returned to Fontainebleau, after the journey to Nantes, she spoke to him, and so turned him about, this way and that, that she made him confess he was enamoured of Madame. She promised to serve him, and did so, only too well.

The Queen lay-in of Monseigneur the Dauphin on All Saints' Day, 1661. Madame had spent the whole day at her side; and since she herself was with child and very tired, she retired to her chamber, where nobody followed, for they had

[1] Madame de Lorraine.

all remained with the Queen. Montalais dropped on her knees before Madame, and began to speak of the passion of the Comte de Guiche. Such discourses as these are naturally not displeasing enough for young people to have the strength to reject them : Madame, moreover, had a certain shyness in speaking, so that half in embarrassment and half in condescension, she gave Montalais great cause for hope. On the morrow Montalais brought to Madame a letter from the Comte de Guiche ; Madame refused to read it ; Montalais opened and read it. A few days later, Madame was taken ill ; she returned to Paris in a litter, and as she was getting in, Montalais threw her a volume of letters from the Comte de Guiche. Madame read them on the road, and then confessed to Montalais that she had done so. In brief, the youth of Madame, the charm of the Comte de Guiche, and, most of all, the services of Montalais, involved this princess in an affair of gallantry which brought her nothing but considerable vexation. Monsieur was still jealous of the Comte de Guiche, who nevertheless continued to visit the Tuileries, where Madame yet lodged. She was gravely ill. He wrote to her three or four times a day. The greater part of the time Madame did not read his letters, but left them all to Montalais, not even asking what she did with them. Montalais dared not keep them in her room ; she gave them into the hands of a lover she had at that time, whose name was Malicorne.

The King had come to Paris not long after Madame ; he still saw La Vallière in Madame's apartments ; he would come in the evening and hold converse with her in a private room. In truth all the doors were open, but one would no more have thought of going in than if they had been doubly bolted and barred. Yet he grew tired of this constraint ; and although the Queen his mother, of whom he still stood in awe, plagued him incessantly about La Vallière, she pretended to be ill, and he went to see her in her own room.

The young Queen did not know with whom the King was in love, but she guessed that he was so, and not knowing where to place her jealousy, she fixed it upon Madame.

The King had his doubts of the confidence that La Vallière placed in Montalais. The intriguing mind of this girl was not to his taste ; he forbade La Vallière to speak to her. She obeyed him in public, but Montalais spent whole nights with her, and often in the daytime was there again.

Madame, who was ill and could not sleep, would sometimes send for her, on a pretext of wanting her to read some book aloud. When she left Madame, it was to go and write to the Comte de Guiche, which she never missed doing three times a day ; and also to Malicorne, to whom she reported all Madame's affairs and those of La Vallière. She was also in the confidence of Mademoiselle de Tonnay-Charente, who loved

the Marquis de Noirmoutier, and ardently desired to marry him. One of these confidences would have sufficed to occupy the whole of a person's mind, but Montalais alone could manage all three of them.

The Comte de Guiche and she took it into their heads that he must see Madame privately. Madame, who showed some timidity in speaking seriously, showed none in affairs of this kind ; she did not foresee the consequences, and this had for her all the charm of a novel. Montalais provided facilities which no one else could have imagined. The Comte de Guiche, who was young and bold, thought nothing so pleasant as taking the gravest risks ; and Madame and he, though they had no real passion for each other, exposed themselves to the greatest dangers to which a person has ever been exposed. Madame was ill, and although surrounded by all the women who are commonly in attendance upon a person of her rank, she entrusted her secret to none of them. She would sometimes cause the Comte de Guiche to come to her in broad daylight, disguised as a female fortune-teller ; he even told the fortunes of Madame's women, who saw him every day and did not recognize him ; other schemes, too, were devised, but the same great risk attended them all. And these highly perilous meetings were spent in making fun of Monsieur and other such raillery : briefly, in matters quite remote from the violent passion which seemed to have been

the cause of them. About this time, somebody said one day, in some place where the Comte de Guiche happened to be with Vardes, that Madame's illness was more serious than was generally thought, and that the doctors did not think she would recover from it. The Comte de Guiche looked terribly upset ; Vardes took him away and helped him to hide his agitation. The Comte de Guiche confessed to Vardes the lengths to which he had gone with Madame, and pledged him to keep his confidence. Madame strongly disapproved of what the Comte de Guiche had done ; she tried to compel him to break with Vardes. He answered that he would fight a duel with him to satisfy her, but that he could not break with his friend.

Montalais, who wished to give an air of importance to this intrigue, and who thought that by taking a large number of people into her confidence she could magnify it into an affair of State, sought to enlist La Vallière in Madame's interests : she told her all that was going on anent the Comte de Guiche, and made her promise to say nothing of it to the King. In truth, La Vallière, who a thousand times had promised the King to hide nothing from him, faithfully kept the secret as she had promised Montalais.

Madame had no idea that La Vallière knew her affairs, but she knew all about La Vallière's from Montalais. The public perceived something of Madame's gallantry with the Comte de

Guiche. The King put a few slight questions to Madame, but he was very far from knowing the truth. I know not if it was upon this subject or another that he said certain things to La Vallière which caused her to think that he knew she was making a mystery somewhere ; she grew uneasy, allowing him to see that she was concealing matters of some importance. The King flew into a terrible rage : still she did not confess what it was ; the King withdrew in despair at her refusal. Several times they had agreed, whatever quarrels they might have, never to sleep till they had made it up and written to each other. But the night passed, and La Vallière heard nothing from the King ; she thought all was lost, and her head reeled. In the morning she fled like a mad woman from the Tuileries to an obscure little convent at Chaillot.

The same morning, therefore, the King was told that no one knew where La Vallière had gone. The King, who loved her passionately, was very upset ; he came to the Tuileries to find out from Madame where she was. But Madame knew nothing : not even the cause of her flight.

Montalais was beside herself, for La Vallière had told her nothing save that she was in despair, that she was undone, and that it was her fault.

But the King so contrived that he found out where La Vallière was. Thither he went at full gallop, with three others ahead of him. He found her in the parlour outside the convent (for they

would not receive her within). She was lying on the floor, weeping and almost out of her mind.

The King remained alone with her ; and during a long conversation, she confessed to him all that she had previously concealed. She did not, by this avowal, obtain his pardon ; the King said only so much as was necessary to compel her to return, and he sent for a carriage to fetch her back. He returned, however, to Paris to force Monsieur to receive her ; for the latter had declared at the pitch of his voice that he was glad she was out of his house, and that he would not take her back. The King entered the Tuileries by a back-stair, and went into a small closet where he caused Madame to come to him, being unwilling that anyone else should see him, for he had been crying. There he begged Madame to take back La Vallière, and told her all that he had just heard about herself and her affairs. Madame was astonished, as may well be imagined; but she could deny none of it. She promised the King to break with the Comte de Guiche, and consented to receive La Vallière.

The King had some difficulty in obtaining this concession from Madame ; but he so urgently begged her with tears in his eyes, that at length he prevailed. La Vallière returned to Madame's service, but it was a long time before she regained the King's affections. He was inconsolable that she should have proved capable of keeping a secret from him, and she could not bear being

less in his favour : so that for some time her mind was almost as if deranged.

At length the King forgave her, and Montalais played her part so well that she gained the King's confidence. He questioned her several times about the Bragelonne affair, which he knew was known to her ; and since Montalais was a better liar than La Vallière, he had an easy mind when he had spoken to her. Still, he felt sorely injured that he was not the first man La Vallière had ever loved, and he even feared lest she still loved Bragelonne.

In brief, he had all the sensitiveness and uneasy qualms of a man who is deeply in love ; and so he certainly was, though his natural moderation, and the awe in which he still stood of the Queen, his mother, restrained him from certain hot-headed actions which another person would probably have committed. It is also true that La Vallière's lack of wit prevented her making good use of the favour and influence that so great a passion conferred upon her, and that any other mistress of the King would have known how to profit by. Her only thought was to be loved by the King and to love him in return. She was extremely jealous of the Comtesse de Soissons, to whose house the King went every day, despite all her efforts to stop him.

The Comtesse de Soissons knew perfectly well of La Vallière's hatred for her ; and, wearied of seeing the King in her toils, she and the Marquis

de Vardes resolved to inform the Queen that the King was in love with La Vallière. They thought that the Queen, once she knew of this affair, supported by the Queen Mother, would compel Monsieur and Madame to banish La Vallière from the Tuileries, and that the King, not knowing where to put her, would put her into the household of the Comtesse de Soissons, who by this means would become mistress of the situation ; they hoped still more that the Queen's grief would force the King to break with La Vallière, and that once he had left her he would fix his attention on someone else, with whom they could perhaps get the upper hand. In fine, these vain imaginings, or others of a similar kind, caused them to embark upon the maddest and most hazardous scheme that has ever been devised : they wrote a letter to the Queen, informing her of all that was going on. The Comtesse de Soissons picked up in Her Majesty's chamber the cover of a letter from the King,[1] her father. Vardes confided the secret to the Comte de Guiche, that he, knowing Spanish, might translate the letter into this tongue ; the Comte de Guiche, out of kindness towards his friend and hatred for La Vallière, entered heartily into this splendid scheme.

So they translated the letter into Spanish, and caused it to be copied by a man who was going to Flanders, never to return. The same man took it to the Louvre and gave it to an usher, to

[1] Of Spain.

be given to Signora Molina, the Queen's chief lady-in-waiting, as a letter just come from Spain. It seemed to this lady that there was something strange about the way in which the letter had arrived : she also thought that there was something different about the way in which it was folded ; in brief, instinct rather than reason bade her open the letter, and having read it, she took it to the King.

Although the Comte de Guiche had promised Vardes that he would say nothing of this letter to Madame, he did not fail to tell her about it ; and Madame, despite her promise, did not omit to tell Montalais : but not until some time afterwards. The King was in a fury such as is not to be imagined ; he spoke to all those whom he thought might be able to give him some information upon the matter, and he even applied to Vardes, as a man of wit in whom he could put his trust. Vardes was somewhat embarrassed by the King's commission : still, he found means to cast the suspicion upon Madame de Navailles ;[1] and the King so implicitly believed him, that this affair contributed largely to the misfortunes which have since overtaken her.

Madame, meanwhile, was anxious to keep her promise to the King, and break with the Comte de Guiche ; and Montalais had pledged the King her word that she would meddle no more in this intrigue. Nevertheless, before the rupture was

[1] Lady-in-waiting to the Queen.

begun, she found for the Comte de Guiche a way to see Madame once more, that they might seek together, she said, the means never to meet again. But it is not in each other's presence that those who love find such expedients: nor did this meeting have any great results, save that for a time the interchange of letters was suspended. Montalais also promised the King that she would no longer serve the Comte de Guiche, provided he did not banish him from Court; and Madame begged the same thing of him.

Vardes, who was at that time wholly in Madame's confidence, and who thought her very amiable and well furnished with wit, either by reason of a sentiment of love, or one merely of ambition and intrigue, wished to gain the sole mastery over her, and so resolved to estrange her from the Comte de Guiche. He knew all that Madame had promised the King, but could see that these promises would not be too faithfully kept.

He sought out Marshal de Grammont, and told him a part of what was going on, pointing out the dangers to which his son was exposing himself; and he counselled the Marshal to send his son away, and to beg the King that he should be put in command of the troops that were then at Nancy.

Marshal de Grammont, who passionately loved his son, entered into the sentiments of Vardes, and begged this command of the King, and since

the post was an advantageous one, the King had no thought but that the Comte de Guiche desired it, and he granted it accordingly.

Madame knew nothing of what was on foot. Vardes had said nothing to her of what he had done, no more than to the Comte de Guiche, and it was only known later. Madame had gone to lodge in the Palais Royal, where she had been lying-in. Everybody had been going to see her, and the women of the town, who had but slight knowledge of her interest in the Comte de Guiche, spread it around, as a matter of no importance, that he had begged for the command of the Lorraine troops, and would be leaving in a day or two.

This news was very surprising to Madame. In the evening, the King came to see her: she mentioned it to him, and he said it was true that Marshal de Grammont had asked him for this command, as a thing which his son most ardently desired, and that the Comte de Guiche had thanked him for it.

Madame was sorely offended with the Comte de Guiche, that he should, without consulting her, have resolved to run away from her. She told Montalais, and commanded her to see him. Montalais saw him, and the Comte de Guiche, in despair that he had to go, and that Madame should be displeased with him, wrote her a letter in which he offered to affirm to the King that he had not asked for the post in Lorraine, and at the same time to refuse it.

Madame at first was dissatisfied with this letter. The Comte de Guiche, who was very hot-headed, said that he would not go, and that he would give in his resignation to the King. Vardes was afraid he might be fool enough to do it, and though he wanted him out of the way, he had no wish to ruin him ; so he left him in the care of the Comtesse de Soissons, whom that day he took into his confidence, and came to see Madame, beseeching her to write to the Comte de Guiche that she wished him to go. She was touched by the sentiments of the Comte de Guiche, wherein there was, indeed, as much of pride as of passion ; she did as Vardes requested, and the Comte de Guiche resolved to go, on condition that he might first see Madame.

Montalais, who thought herself quit of her promise to the King now that he was banishing the Comte de Guiche, undertook to arrange this interview ; and since Monsieur was going to the Louvre, she brought in the Comte de Guiche at midday, by a secret staircase, and shut him into an oratory. When Madame had dined, she feigned a wish to sleep, and passed into a gallery where the Comte de Guiche bade her farewell. Whilst they were together, Monsieur returned, and all that could be done was to hide the Comte de Guiche in a chimney, where he remained for a long time, unable to escape. At length Montalais extricated him, thinking to have avoided all the perils of this interview ; but she was vastly mistaken.

One of her companions, by name Artigny,[1] whose own life had been by no means exemplary, violently hated Montalais. This girl had been brought into Madame's service by Madame de la Basinière, formerly Chemerault, whose love of intrigue time had not diminished, and who had great influence over Monsieur. This girl, who spied upon Montalais, being jealous of the favour she enjoyed with Madame, suspected that Montalais was conducting some intrigue. She disclosed it to Madame de la Basinière, who applauded her intentions and encouraged her to lay the matter bare : she gave her, to be another spy, a girl named Merlot. And between them they contrived to see the Comte de Guiche go into Madame's chamber.

Madame de la Basinière sent word to the Queen Mother through Artigny ; and the Queen Mother, behaving in a way that cannot be pardoned to a person of so much virtue and kindness, desired Madame de la Basinière to carry her news to Monsieur. So they told this prince what they would have concealed from any other husband.

Monsieur resolved, in concert with the Queen, his mother, to banish Montalais, without telling Madame, or even the King, lest he should oppose it : for Montalais was in the Royal favour, and Monsieur took no thought that this scandal would disclose to many eyes what hitherto very few people had known. They resolved also to banish

[1] Subsequently Comtesse du Roule.

another of Madame's maids of honour, whose personal conduct left much to be desired.

So, one morning, the wife of Marshal du Plessis, acting on Monsieur's orders, came to tell these ladies that Monsieur commanded them to withdraw : and within an hour they were put into a carriage. Montalais implored Madame du Plessis to give her back her caskets, for if Monsieur should see them, Madame would be lost. Madame du Plessis went to ask Monsieur's permission, but without telling him the reason. Monsieur, with a generosity incredible in so jealous a man, let her carry off the caskets and Madame du Plessis never thought to keep them and give them up to Madame. So the caskets were restored to Montalais, who withdrew to her sister's house. When Madame awoke, Monsieur went to her room, and said he had banished two of her maids of honour. She was greatly surprised, and he went away, saying no more. A moment later the King sent her word that he had known nothing of what had been done, and that he would come to see her at the earliest possible moment.

Monsieur carried his complaints and related his woes to the Queen of England, who was then lodging at the Palais Royal. She came to see Madame, and scolded her a little, telling her all that Monsieur knew for certain, so that she might confess to him just this much and no more.

Monsieur and Madame had a great explanation : Madame confessed to having seen the Comte de

Guiche, but vowed that this had been the first time, and that he had not written to her above three or four times.

Monsieur took such pleasure in his position of authority, having Madame confess to him things that he knew already, that his acrimony melted away ; he embraced her, and retained but a slight grudge against her. This feeling would doubtless have been more violent in anyone else, but Monsieur had no thought of avenging himself on the Comte de Guiche, and, despite the scandal caused by this affair, which seemed likely to compel him, for his honour's sake, to do so, he betrayed not the smallest resentment. All his care was devoted to preventing Madame from corresponding with Montalais ; and since La Vallière did so, on a very large scale, he obtained the King's assurance that La Vallière should have nothing more to do with her. In truth, she now had very little, and Montalais withdrew into a convent.

Madame promised, as may well be imagined, to break off all intercourse with the Comte de Guiche, and she gave this same promise to the King ; but she did not keep her word. Vardes remained her confidant, even at the risk of getting into trouble with the King ; but since he had taken the Comte de Guiche into his confidence regarding the Spanish affair, this made a link between them that it would have been dangerous to break. He learned therefore that Montalais

knew all about the Spanish letter, and this gave him a feeling of consideration for her, the cause of which the public was far from guessing; besides, he was glad to acquire this importance in Madame's eyes, that he could influence a person who had played so great a part in her affairs.

Montalais had not ceased to hold some slight communication with La Vallière, and in concert with Vardes, she wrote her two enormous letters, wherein she gave her much advice as to her conduct, and told her all that she should say to the King. His Majesty was uncommonly angry, and sent an exempt to seize Montalais, with orders to conduct her to Fontevrault, and to allow nobody to speak to her. She was lucky enough to save her caskets once more, and she left them in the hands of Malicorne, who was still her lover.

The court was at Saint-Germain. Vardes had great intercourse with Madame; for his connection with the Comtesse de Soissons, who was by no means beautiful, could not divert him from Madame's charms. As soon as the court reached Saint-Germain, the Comtesse de Soissons, who had no thought but to depose La Vallière from the place she occupied, tried to entangle the King with La Mothe-Houdancour, a maid of honour to the Queen. She had had this idea before the court left Paris; and it may even be that she had hoped that the King would come to her if he left La Vallière, and that this was one of her reasons for embarking upon the project of the

Spanish letter. She persuaded the King that this girl had an ardent passion for him ; and the King, though passionately in love with La Vallière, did not fail to start an intrigue with La Mothe, but he pledged the Comtesse to say nothing about it to Vardes ; and this time the Comtesse de Soissons preferred the King to her lover, and concealed from him this intimacy.

The Chevalier de Grammont[1] was in love with La Mothe. He perceived something of what had occurred, and spied upon the King with so much skill, that he discovered that His Majesty was in the habit of going into the chamber of the maids of honour.

Madame de Navailles, who was then lady-in-waiting, also found out this intercourse. She caused doors to be walled up and windows to be barred. The story leaked out. The King banished the Chevalier de Grammont, and it was some years before he received permission to return to France.

Vardes recognized, when the story became known, the deception the Comtesse de Soissons had practised upon him ; and so violent was his despair that all his friends, who had hitherto thought him incapable of passion, no longer doubted but that he had an ardent one for her. They thought to break with each other, but the Comte de Soissons, who had no suspicion of anything more than friendship between Vardes and

[1] Subsequently Comte de Grammont.

his wife, took great trouble to effect a reconciliation. La Vallière was in a torment of inconceivable jealousy and despair ; but the King, inflamed by La Mothe's resistance, still continued to see her. The Queen Mother undeceived him as to this girl's pretended passion ; she had from somebody this information, also that it was the Marquis d'Alluye and one Fouilloux, intimate friends of the Comtesse de Soissons, who composed the letters that La Mothe was writing to the King ; she even knew of a letter La Mothe was to write him, which they had planned among themselves, to beg him for the removal of La Vallière.

She told it word for word to the King, so that he might see he was being duped by the Comtesse de Soissons ; and that very evening, when he received the letter, and found in it all his mother had said, he burnt the letter, broke with La Mothe, begged La Vallière's pardon, and confessed it all to her ; and so after that La Vallière had no more cause for worry. As for La Mothe, she has since prided herself on a passion for the King, which has rendered her a vestal to all other men.

The affair of La Mothe was the most noteworthy occurrence at Saint-Germain. Vardes seemed already to be in love with Madame, to those whose sight was good ; but Monsieur was by no means jealous : on the contrary, he was glad that Madame put her faith in Vardes. The Queen Mother was not of the same mind about

it ; she hated Vardes, and had no wish to see him gaining influence over Madame.

The court returned to Paris. La Vallière was still at the Palais Royal, but she was no longer in Madame's suite, and indeed saw her but rarely. Artigny, though hostile to Montalais, took the latter's place beside La Vallière : she enjoyed her full confidence, and every day was running between the King and her.

Montalais impatiently suffered her enemy's prosperity ; she lived but for a chance of being avenged, and of avenging, on Madame's behalf, Artigny's insolence in disclosing her affairs.

When Artigny came to court, she was breeding, and her condition was so far advanced that the King, who had not heard tell of it, perceived and at the same time remarked upon it. Her mother came to fetch her, on the pretext that she was ill. This occurrence would not have caused much of a scandal ; but Montalais contrived to find means of procuring some letters that Artigny had written during her pregnancy to the father of her child, and these she delivered into Madame's hands : with the result that Madame, having so just a cause to get rid of a person who had given her so many grounds for complaint, declared that she meant to banish Artigny, and stated all her reasons. Artigny had recourse to La Vallière : the King, at the latter's request, tried to stop Madame from taking this step. The affair made a great noise, and even gave rise to some discord

between the King and Madame. The letters were delivered up to Madame de Montausier[1] and Madame de Saint-Chaumont, that they might verify the handwriting; but at length Vardes, who wished to do what was pleasing to the King, that His Majesty might bear him no ill will on account of his intercourse with Madame, exerted himself to persuade Madame to keep Artigny; and since Madame was very young, and Vardes very skilful, and since he had a good deal of influence over her, he prevailed successfully.

Artigny confessed to the King the truth about her mishap. The King was touched by her confidence. He profited later by the goodwill she had shown him, and although she was a person of very slight merit, he has treated her well ever since, and has made her fortune, as we shall recount later.

Madame and the King were reconciled. During the winter a fine ballet was given. The Queen was still in ignorance of the King's love for La Vallière, and still thought that he was enamoured of Madame.

Monsieur was excessively jealous of the Prince de Marsillac, eldest son of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, all the more since he himself was so attracted by him that he thought all the world must love him. Marsillac, in truth, was in love with Madame; but he only expressed it with his eyes, or by certain words thrown out at random,

[1] Lady-in-waiting to the Queen.

which she alone could understand. She did not reciprocate his passion; she was fully occupied by her friendship with Vardes, which held more of love than of friendship; but since he was hampered by his duty to the Comte de Guiche, and torn in two by his connection with the Comtesse de Soissons, he was very uncertain as to what he ought to do, whether to throw in his lot entirely with Madame, or whether to remain merely her friend.

So jealous was Monsieur of Marsillac that he compelled him to go home. About the time that he left, something happened which made a great stir, though the truth was concealed for a while.

Early in the spring the King went to spend a few days at Versailles.[1] He was attacked by the measles, and grew so ill that he must needs take thought what orders he should give for the welfare of the State. He resolved to put Monsieur the Dauphin into the hands of the Prince de Conti, whose devotion had rendered him one of the most respected men in France. The King's life was only in danger for twenty-four hours; yet despite the peril of this complaint for whoever might catch it, every one continued to visit him.

M. le Duc[2] went, and caught the measles. Madame went too, though she was sorely afraid. There it was that Vardes for the first time spoke clearly of his passion. Madame did not wholly

[1] Then a hunting-lodge.
[2] de Bourbon.

repulse him : it is hard to ill-treat an agreeable confidant when the lover is away.

Madame de Châtillon, who was then more in Madame's favour than anyone else,[1] perceived the inclination that Vardes had for her ; and though they had quarrelled after being on very intimate terms, she made her peace with him, partly that she might be in Madame's confidence, and partly for the pleasure of seeing often a man who so strongly appealed to her.

The Comte du Plessis, first gentleman of the bedchamber to Monsieur, had always consented, out of an extreme generosity to Madame, to be the bearer of the letters she wrote to Vardes, and of those that Vardes wrote to her ; and although he must have known that this correspondence concerned the Comte de Guiche, and subsequently Vardes himself, he nevertheless continued his good offices.

Montalais, meanwhile, was still at Fontevrault, almost a prisoner. Malicorne and a youth called Corbinelli, who was not devoid of ability and merit, and whom Montalais had taken into her confidence, had in their possession all the letters that had been deposited with her ; and these letters were of vital importance both to the Comte de Guiche and to Madame : for whilst the Comte de Guiche was in Paris, knowing that the King

[1] She had been the mistress of Madame's brother, Charles II., during his exile, and is said to have refused to marry him. In this story she is subsequently referred to as Madame de Meckelbourg.

had no liking for him, and thinking on this account that he had just cause for complaint, he had not measured his words in writing to Madame, but had indulged in jests and gibes offensive to the King. Malicorne and Corbinelli, seeing that Montalais was in danger of being forgotten, and fearful lest time should diminish the importance of the letters in their possession, resolved to see if they could not make use of them to benefit Montalais, at a time when she could not be accused of taking part in any intrigue.

So they caused Mother de la Fayette, Abbess of Chaillot, to speak of these letters to Madame, and at the same time gave Marshal de Grammont to understand that he should take thought for the interests of Montalais, since she possessed such important secrets.

Vardes knew Corbinelli well, for Montalais had told him of the friendship that was between them ; and since it was Vardes' plan to get the letters into his own hands, he kept fair with Corbinelli, seeking to pledge him not to deliver up the letters save through himself.

From Madame he heard that other persons were proposing to give them up to her. He therefore went like one in despair to Corbinelli ; and Corbinelli, without admitting that these proposals had been his own, promised Vardes that the letters should pass through no hands but his.

When Marsillac was banished, Vardes, who had already resolved to separate for good and all the

Comte de Guiche and Madame, had written to the Comte, saying that Madame was having an affair with Marsillac. The Comte de Guiche, thinking that these tidings from his best friend, who saw more of Madame than any man at Court, coincided with all the rumours he had heard, had no doubt of the truth of it, and wrote to Vardes as if persuaded of Madame's infidelity.

Some time before, Vardes, thinking to enhance his worth in Madame's eyes, had said that she should also reclaim the letters the Comte de Guiche had received from her. He wrote to the Comte de Guiche, saying that since a means had been found to retrieve those he had written to Madame, he too must send back such as he had had from her. The Comte de Guiche consented without difficulty, and sent word to his mother to give into the hands of Vardes a casket he had left with her.

All this business of recovering the letters made it necessary for Madame and Vardes to meet ; and Mother de la Fayette, thinking that it was but a matter of giving up the letters, permitted Vardes to come secretly, and, in a parlour at Chaillot, to speak to Madame. The conversation lasted long, and Vardes told Madame that the Comte de Guiche believed her to be carrying on a gallantry with Marsillac ; he even showed her the letters that the Comte de Guiche had written him, from which it was not apparent that Vardes himself had given him the news ; and thereupon

Vardes said all that a man can say who would gladly take the place of his friend : and since his wit and youth were very pleasing and Madame had a much more natural inclination for him than for the Comte de Guiche, it would have been hard for him not to make some progress in her affections.

They resolved, during this interview, to reclaim the letters that had been in the hands of Montalais. In truth, those who had them gave them up, but kept back all that were vitally important. Vardes brought them to Madame at the house of the Comtesse de Soissons, and they were burnt that very hour.

Some days later, Madame and Vardes agreed to meet again at Chaillot ; Madame went but Vardes did not appear, and gave some very poor excuses. It seemed that the King had heard of their first interview, and it may be that Vardes himself had told him of it, and thought the King would not approve a second, or it may be that he feared the Comtesse de Soissons : at any rate he did not go. Madame was highly indignant, and wrote him a letter full of haughtiness and vexation, so that for some time they were on bad terms.

The Queen Mother was ill during the greater part of the summer, with the result that the court did not leave Paris till July. The King went to take Marsal, and everybody followed him. Marsillac, who had only been warned to withdraw,

but had had no orders, returned and followed the King.

Seeing that the King was going to Lorraine and knowing that he would meet the Comte de Guiche, Madame feared lest the latter should confess to the King the commerce they had had together ; and she sent him word that, should he mention it, she would never speak to him again. This letter did not arrive until the King had spoken to the Comte de Guiche, who admitted to him all that Madame had concealed.

The King showed him so much favour on this expedition that everybody was surprised. Vardes, who knew what Madame had written to the Comte de Guiche, feigned not to know that he had not received the letter ; he sent word to Madame that the favour in which the Comte de Guiche now stood had so dazzled him, that he had confessed the whole story to the King.

Madame was furious with the Comte de Guiche ; and having so just a cause to break with him, which it may be that she anyway wished to do, she wrote him a very acrimonious letter, and broke with him, forbidding him ever to breathe her name.

After the fall of Marsal, the Comte de Guiche, having nothing more to do in Lorraine, had begged the King's permission to go to Poland. He had written to Madame all that he could to excuse his fault ; but Madame would have none of his excuses, and wrote him the final letter of which I have just been speaking. The Comte de

Guiche received it when all was ready for him to embark ; and so great was his despair that he longed for the storm that was then rising to put an end to his life. Yet his expedition was peculiarly successful ; he performed deeds of singular valour ; he exposed himself to infinite danger in the war against the Muscovites, and received a wound in the stomach that had killed him without a doubt, but for a portrait of Madame which he carried in a very large box, and which, receiving the blow, was smashed to atoms.

Vardes was more or less satisfied at seeing the Comte de Guiche in every way so far from Madame. Marsillac was the only rival that he now had to combat, and although Marsillac had always denied that he was enamoured of Madame, whatever offer of services Vardes might make him, the latter so twisted him about and managed him, that he made him confess to it : thus he became his rival's confidant.

Since Vardes was an intimate friend of M. de la Rochefoucauld, who was greatly displeased by his own son's passion for Madame, he besought Monsieur to do no harm to Marsillac. Nevertheless, on their return from Marsal, one evening at an assembly, Monsieur was again seized with jealousy in respect of Marsillac : he called Vardes to discuss it with him ; and Vardes, thinking both to pay court to Monsieur and to bring about the expulsion of Marsillac, said that he had noticed the way in which Marsillac had been looking at

Madame, and that he was going to warn M. de la Rochefoucauld.

It may easily be judged that the approbation of a man such as Vardes, who was Marsillac's friend, did not a little to increase the ill-humour of Monsieur, and he wished Marsillac to withdraw again. Vardes went in search of M. de la Rochefoucauld, and told him somewhat maliciously what he had said to Monsieur, who also came with the same tale to M. de la Rochefoucauld. He and Vardes were prepared to fall out completely, all the more since M. de la Rochefoucauld had now learnt that his son had confessed to Vardes his passion for Madame.

So Marsillac left the court, and though he passed by Moret, where Vardes was, he would have no explanation with him ; and since that time there has been nothing but the necessary politeness between them.

This affair made a good deal of noise, and it was not difficult to see that Vardes was in love with Madame. Even the Comtesse de Soissons began to feel jealous, but Vardes managed her so well that nothing came of it.

We left Vardes well content that he had caused the expulsion of Marsillac, and that he knew the Comte de Guiche to be away in Poland. Two people yet stood in his way, whom he had preferred to see less friendly with Madame. The King was one of them, and the other was Gondrin, Archbishop of Sens.

This last was easily got rid of ; Vardes told him that the King believed him to be in love with Madame, and had said jokingly that he would soon have to be sending an archbishop to Sens. This made the Archbishop fly home to his diocese, whence he returned but rarely.

He made use of this same joke to persuade Madame that the King hated her, and that she ought to make certain of the friendship of the King, her brother, that he might be able to protect her from the ill will of the former. Madame answered that she was sure of it. He prevailed upon her to show him her brother's letters ; she did so, and he made use of them to increase his own importance to the King, depicting Madame as a dangerous person, and saying that his influence over her alone prevented her from doing mischief.

Nevertheless, throughout the time of his treachery to Madame, he never ceased feigning to abandon himself to the passion which he said he had for her, and telling her all that he knew about the King. He even begged her permission to break with the Comtesse de Soissons, which she refused. For although she certainly showed too much indulgence for his passion, she did not fail to perceive that his conduct was insincere ; and this thought prevented Madame becoming deeply involved with him. She even quarrelled with him very soon afterwards.

At this time Madame de Meckelbourg and Madame de Montespan were the two people who

seemed most intimate with Madame. The latter was jealous of the former ; and seeking every possible means to discredit her, she hit upon one which I will describe. Madame d'Armagnac was then in Savoy. Monsieur begged Madame to include Madame d'Armagnac, on her return, in all the pleasure-parties that she devised. Madame consented, though it seemed to her that Madame d'Armagnac preferred to remain in retirement. Madame de Meckelbourg told Madame that she knew the reason : she said that, at the time of the marriage of Madame d'Armagnac, she had been having a regular intercourse with Vardes, and that, when she sought to recover her letters from him, he had replied that he would not give them up until he could be certain that she loved nobody else. Before going to Savoy she had made an effort to get them back, but Vardes had resisted her, saying that she was in love with Monsieur : wherefore she had been frightened to go near Madame, lest she should meet him.

Madame resolved, on hearing this, to command Vardes to give up the letters and to restore them to her, that she might have nothing more to fear. Madame told Montespan, who praised her intentions, but made use of them to concoct the blackest piece of treachery imaginable.

At this time M. le Grand[1] was in love with Madame ; and though he gave her to know of it in a very clumsy manner, he thought, when she

[1] M. le Grand Ecuyer, the Comte d'Armagnac.

did not reply, that she had not understood. He therefore made up his mind to write to her ; but since he thought he had too little wit to do so himself, he begged M. de Luxembourg and the Archbishop of Sens to compose the letter, which he wished to put in Madame's pocket at the Val-de-Grâce, so that she might have no chance of refusing it. It seemed to them that this would be very unwise, and they warned Madame of his folly. Madame begged them so to contrive that he should think no more about her, and this they succeeded in doing.

Madame d'Armagnac, however, on her return from Savoy, grew very jealous. Madame de Montespan told her that she had good reason to be so, and in order that she might be warned, went to meet her, saying that Madame wanted her letters to do her an injury, and that unless she worsted Madame de Meckelbourg, she would be worsted herself. Madame d'Armagnac, who loved to employ what wit she had in the pursuit of evil, agreed with Madame de Montespan that they must make short work of Madame de Meckelbourg. They did their best to discredit her in the eyes of the Queen Mother through M. de Beauvais, and in the eyes of Monsieur, by telling him that the reputation of Madame de Meckelbourg was too bad to permit of her remaining in Madame's company.

She, for her own part, made so many mysteries, that she succeeded in discrediting herself, and

Monsieur forbade her to see Madame. Madame, in despair that one of her friends should be thus insulted, forbade Mesdames de Montespan and d'Armagnac to appear in her presence. She even tried to make Vardes threaten the latter by telling her that if she did not bring about the return of Madame de Meckelbourg, he would deliver up to Madame the letters in question ; but, instead of doing so, he made use of the suggestion, which strengthened Madame in her belief that he was a very great knave.

Monsieur had also discovered it, by reason of the false reports that Vardes had carried between him and the King : thus he now dared but rarely go to Madame's ; and seeing that Madame in her letters, no longer gave him any account of her frequent conversations with the King, he began to think the King must be falling in love with her, and this reduced him to despair.

At this same time we learned, from letters which came from Poland, that the Comte de Guiche, after having done deeds of incredible bravery, was reduced, with the army in Poland, to straits from which it was impossible that he should escape. This news was told at the King's supper, and so stricken was Madame that it was well for her that every one was too absorbed by the story to observe her agitation.

When Madame left the table, she met Vardes and said to him : " I see clearly now that I love the Comte de Guiche more deeply than I knew."

This declaration, added to the suspicions he had concerning the King, was the cause of his decision to change his tactics with Madame.

I think that he would have broken with her at once, had it not been for certain serious considerations that prevented him from doing so. He made complaints to her anent these two matters. Madame answered jestingly that, for the King, she would permit him the rôle of *Chaban-cs*[1]; and for the Comte de Guiche, she would give him to understand all that Vardes had done to separate them, unless he, Vardes, would allow her to tell the Comte de Guiche what her feelings were for him. So Vardes then sent word to Madame that he was beginning to feel not wholly indifferent to the Comtesse de Soissons. Madame replied that his nose would inconvenience her too greatly in her bed for them to remain there long together. After that, Madame's commerce with Vardes was founded rather on the considerations referred to than upon any of the reasons which had caused it to begin.

That summer the court went to Fontainebleau. Monsieur could not bear that his two friends, Mesdames d'Armagnac and de Montespan, should be excluded from all the pleasure-parties, by reason of Madame's prohibition that they should appear in her presence; and he therefore consented that Madame de Meckelbourg should return to Madame. So they all three reappeared

[1] Hero of Madame de la Fayelle's romance, *La Princesse de Montpensier*.

before the court left Paris, but the two first never regained Madame's favour, and especially Madame de Montespan.

At Fontainebleau there was no thought but for amusement, and amid all the festivities, the quarrels of the ladies always caused some stir. That which made the most noise arose at a *medianoche*[1] which the King had begged Madame to attend. The party was to be held on the canal, in a brilliantly-lit boat, accompanied by others, wherein were violins and various kinds of music.

Until that day Madame's pregnancy had hindered her from taking part in the expeditions; but being now in her ninth month, she could attend them all. She begged the King to exclude Mesdames d'Armagnac and de Montespan; but Monsieur, thinking it offensive to a husband's authority that his friends should be excluded, declared that he would not attend a party from which these ladies were absent.

The Queen Mother, who had not ceased to hate Madame, upheld his decision, and railed against the King, who had taken Madame's part. Yet Madame gained the victory, and these ladies did not attend the *medianoche*, wherefore they were greatly enraged.

The Comtesse de Soissons, who for a long time had been madly jealous of Madame, had yet not ceased to be on good terms with her. One day when she was ill, she begged that Madame would

[1] Midnight supper.

go to see her ; and wishing to be enlightened as to Madame's sentiments for Vardes, after making many protestations of friendship, she reproached her for the commerce she had had these past three years with him, unknown to her, the Comtesse : saying that if it were a gallantry, it was a mean trick that she had played her ; and if it were but friendship, she could not understand why Madame had concealed it from her, knowing how deeply she was attached to his interests.

Since Madame dearly loved to help her friends out of their difficulties, she said that Vardes' heart had never held a sentiment of which she could complain. The Comtesse begged Madame, this being so, to declare in front of Vardes that she would have no further commerce with him save through herself. Madame consented, and they sent for Vardes that very moment. He was somewhat surprised, but when he saw that instead of making trouble, Madame was taking all the faults upon herself, he came to thank her, assuring her that throughout his life he would be indebted for such great generosity.

But the Comtesse de Soissons, still fearing lest she should have been deceived, so twisted Vardes about that on one or two points he contradicted himself. She spoke to Madame that they might be explained, and informed her how basely Vardes had betrayed her to the King, by showing him the letters of the King of England.

Still Madame did not give way to anger against

Vardes ; she still persisted that he was innocent towards the Comtesse, though she was very ill-content with him : but she did not wish to seem a liar, and she would have had to seem it had she spoken the truth.

But the Comtesse told Vardes exactly the opposite, and succeeded in making him lose his head : he confessed all to her, even that had it not been for Madame he would never have come near her again in his life. Judge then of the Comtesse's despair ! She sent begging Madame to go and see her. Madame found her in terrible grief at her lover's treachery. She begged Madame to tell her the truth, saying she knew that what had previously hindered her had been kindness to Vardes, whose treachery merited none.

Then she told Madame all that she knew ; and comparing their facts, they brought to light deceptions that would baffle the imagination. The Comtesse swore never to see Vardes again. But such is the power of a violent inclination ! Vardes played his part so well that he appeased her.

# The Fourth Part

It was at this time that the Comte de Guiche returned from Poland: Monsieur suffered him to come back to court, but required of his father that he should not appear in any of the places that Madame frequented. Yet he did not fail to meet her now and then, and seeing her, to fall in love with her again, though his absence had been long, and Madame had quarrelled with him: besides which he did not know what to believe concerning her affair with Vardes.

He knew not how to contrive to have an explanation with Madame: Dodoux, the only man he trusted, was not at Fontainebleau; and to crown his despair, Madame, knowing that the King had been informed of the letters she had written him to Nancy, and that her portrait was in his possession, had caused the King himself to command that he should give them up. He therefore delivered them to the King with every conceivable mark of grief, and the submission he had always showed to Madame's orders.

Vardes, however, who felt that he was guilty towards his friend, so confused the facts for him that his head was wellnigh reeling. All these arguments clearly showed him that he had been deceived; but he knew not whether Madame had been party to the fraud, or whether Vardes

alone was guilty. His impetuous nature not permitting him to remain in such uncertainty, he resolved to take Madame de Meckelbourg as arbiter, whom Vardes had named to him, saying that she would vouch for his good faith. To this the Comte de Guiche agreed, on the condition that Madame too would consent to it.

Through Vardes he wrote to her, begging her to do so. Madame was lying-in of Monsieur de Valois, and as yet was seeing nobody ; but Vardes so urgently begged her for an audience that she granted it. He first flung himself upon his knees before her ; he began to weep and to beg for mercy, offering to hide, if she would but act in concert with him, all the commerce that had existed between them.

Madame declared that, far from accepting this proposal, she wished the Comte de Guiche to know the truth ; that, since she herself had been deceived, had fallen into snares that no one could have escaped, she would have no other justification than the truth, through which her good intentions alone would shine, intentions that in any hands but his would never have been so distorted.

Next he sought to give her the letter from the Comte de Guiche ; but Madame refused it, and it was well that she did so : for Vardes had already showed the letter to the King, telling him that Madame was deceiving him. He then begged Madame once more to name an arbiter : and to prevent them fighting a duel, she consented that

peace should be made at the house of Madame de Meckelbourg ; but Madame did not wish it known that she had agreed to this interview. Vardes, who had hoped for something very different, was in an unparalleled despair : he beat his head against the walls, he wept, and committed the most outrageous follies. But Madame stood her ground and would not give way, which proved to be greatly to her advantage.

When Vardes had gone the King arrived. Madame told him how the audience had gone off, and so pleased was the King that he entered into an explanation with her, and promised to help her in unravelling the knaveries of Vardes, which proved so numerous as to be quite beyond description.

Madame extricated herself from the coil by telling the truth on every occasion, and her sincerity maintained her in the King's regard.

The Comte de Guiche, however, was greatly distressed that Madame would have none of his letter ; he thought that she no longer loved him, and determined to meet Vardes at Madame de Meckelbourg's, to fight a duel with him. But she would not receive them, and they remained on such bad terms that some terrible outburst was daily expected.

The King now returned from Vincennes. The Comte de Guiche, who knew not what were Madame's sentiments for him, and was unable any longer to suffer such uncertainty, resolved to

beg the Comtesse de Grammont, who was English, to speak to Madame ; and so urgent was his request that she consented. Her husband even undertook to deliver a letter, which Madame refused to accept. Madame told him that the Comte de Guiche had been in love with Mademoiselle de Grancey, without letting her know that it was but a pretence ; she said that she thought herself fortunate in having had no intrigue with him, but that, had he acted otherwise, her inclination and her gratitude would have caused her to consent, despite the dangers involved, to preserve for him the sentiments that he desired.

Her coldness so rekindled the passion of the Comte de Guiche, that he went daily to the Comtesse de Grammont, begging her to speak to Madame in his favour. At length chance found him an occasion to speak to her direct, such as he had not dared to hope for.

Madame de la Vieuville gave a ball in her own house. Madame made up a party to go masked, with Monsieur ; and that she herself might not be recognized, she caused her maids of honour and some ladies of her suite to go magnificently attired, while she and Monsieur concealed themselves in hoods and set forth in a borrowed coach.

At the door they met with a company of masks. Monsieur proposed, without knowing who they were, to join their party, and took one of them by the hand. Madame did likewise. Imagine her astonishment at finding it the mutilated hand

of the Comte de Guiche, who for his part recognized the scent-bags with which Madame's *coiffes* were perfumed! It was all they could do not to cry aloud, such was their surprise at this occurrence.

So great was their agitation that they mounted the stairs in silence. At length the Comte de Guiche, having recognized Monsieur, and seen that he was sitting far from Madame, went on his knees before her, and had time enough not only to justify himself, but to learn from Madame all that had happened in his absence. It gave him great pain that she should have believed Vardes, but so happy was he that Madame had pardoned his attentions to Mademoiselle de Grancey, that he made no complaint.

Monsieur sent for Madame, and the Comte de Guiche, for fear of being recognized, left first; but chance, which had brought him to this place, caused him to linger at the foot of the stairs. Monsieur was a trifle uneasy about the converse that Madame had been holding: she perceived it, and in her anxiety lest she should be questioned, her foot slipped and from the head of the staircase she stumbled to the bottom, where the Comte de Guiche caught her and thereby saved her life, for she was breeding.

Everything combined, as will be seen, to help them to be reconciled; and so they were. Madame then received some letters from him; and one night that Monsieur had gone to a masked ball,

she met him at the house of the Comtesse de Grammont, whilst awaiting Monsieur for a *medianoche*.

At this time, too, Madame found her chance of being avenged on Vardes. The Chevalier de Lorraine was enamoured of one of Madame's maids of honour, whose name was Fiennes. One day that he was in the Queen's presence, with a large company of people, they asked him whom he had a mind for ; someone answered that it was for Fiennes. Vardes said he would have done better to turn his attention to her mistress. This was repeated to Madame by the Comte de Grammont : she caused the Marquis de Villeroy to tell her the same thing, being unwilling to disclose the other's name ; and having enlisted his help, as well as that of the Chevalier de Lorraine, she carried her complaints to the King, begging him to banish Vardes. The King thought this a somewhat heavy punishment, but promised that it should be as she desired. Vardes requested to be sent to the Bastille, where everybody went to see him.

His friends spread the rumour that the King had been unwilling to consent to this punishment, and that Madame had failed to bring about his downfall. Seeing that, in truth, it was turning out to his advantage, Madame again begged the King to send him back to his province, and her request was granted.

The Comtesse de Soissons was enraged that

Madame could separate her from Vardes as much by hatred as by friendship, and her anger was increased by the haughty way in which all the youth of the court upheld that Vardes had met with his deserts ; she resolved, therefore, to be avenged upon the Comte de Guiche.

She told the King that Madame had sacrificed Vardes to the Comte de Guiche, and that he would be sorry he had served her spleen, if he but knew all that the Comte de Guiche had done to injure him.

Montalais, who was frequently impelled by misplaced generosity, wrote to Vardes that if he would entrust himself to her she would produce three letters that would save him ; he did not accept her offer, but the Comtesse de Soissons used her knowledge of these letters to force the King to ruin the Comte de Guiche. She accused the Comte of having wished to abandon Dunkirk to the English, and of having offered Madame the regiment of Guards ; to all this she imprudently added the affair of the Spanish letter. Fortunately the King discussed it all with Madame. He seemed to her so incensed against the Comte de Guiche and so grateful to the Comtesse de Soissons, that Madame was forced to discredit them both or witness the lady triumphant and the Comte de Guiche completely overthrown. Yet Madame sought the King's promise that he would pardon the Comte de Guiche if she could prove that his crimes were as nothing compared with those of Vardes and the Comtesse de Soissons.

His Majesty gave her the promise, and Madame told him all that she knew. They agreed that he should banish the Comtesse de Soissons and imprison Vardes. Madame sent a hasty warning to the Comte de Guiche, through Marshal de Grammont, and counselled him frankly to confess the truth, having herself discovered that in all such tangles, the truth alone can save the situation. Delicate though the matter was, the Comte de Guiche sent his thanks to Madame ; and in this affair they had no commerce save through Marshal de Grammont. So strictly did they both adhere to the truth, that they did not once contradict each other ; nor did the King perceive the agreement they had made between them. He sent to Montalais, begging her to tell him the truth : these details you will know from her own account. I will only add that the Marshal, who by nothing less than a miracle had hitherto acted so prudently, could not continue to play his part for long ; and such was his alarm that he sent his son to Holland, though the Comte would not have been banished had he stood his ground.

He was so distressed that he fell gravely ill ; his father did not cease urging him to go. Madame would not suffer him to bid her goodbye, for she knew that she was being watched and, moreover, was no longer of an age when the most perilous things alone seem pleasant ; but the Comte de Guiche could not go without seeing Madame, and caused to be made for him-

self a suit of La Vallière's livery ; and whilst Madame was being carried in her chair to the Louvre, he found a chance to speak to her. At length the day of his departure came : the Comte still had a fever, but he did not spare himself and went out into the street in his usual disguise ; but when it came to the final leave-taking, his strength failed him and he fell down in a swoon ; and Madame was left to the misery of seeing him thus, in danger of being recognized, or of lying there unsuccoured. Since that time Madame has never seen him.

Madame had come back from England in all the pride and pleasure that can accrue from a voyage undertaken in friendship and attended by political success. The King her brother, whom she dearly loved, had shown her great tenderness and respect : we knew, though very vaguely, that the negotiations in which she was concerned were on the point of being carried through ; at 26 years old she saw herself the link between the two greatest kings of our century : she had in her hands a treaty whereon the fate of a part of Europe depended.[1] The pleasure and high repute that can come of such affairs, added to the charms of youth and beauty, diffused a sweetness and grace throughout her person, whereby the homage of all was drawn to her ; and this must have been all the more agreeable in that

[1] The Treaty of Dover, whereby Charles secretly abandoned the Triple Alliance for Louis XIV.

it was rendered to her person rather than to her rank.

Her happiness was marred only by her estrangement from Monsieur, which dated from the affair of the Chevalier de Lorraine ; but there seemed to be every likelihood that the King's great favour would find her a way out of this difficulty. In brief, her position was more desirable than it had ever been, when death, with the suddenness of a thunderclap, put an end to this so splendid life, and deprived France of the most amiable Princess that has ever lived.

# An Account of Madame's Death

On the 24th of June, in the year 1670, eight days after her return from England, Madame went with Monsieur to Saint-Cloud. The first day that she was there, she complained of a pain in her side, and of a stomach-ache to which she was subject ; nevertheless, since the weather was extremely hot, she wished to bathe in the river. M. Yvelin, her chief doctor, did all he could to prevent her ; but in spite of all that he could say, she bathed on the Friday, and on the Saturday felt so ill that she refrained from bathing. I arrived at Saint-Cloud on the Saturday, at ten o'clock at night : I found her in the garden ; she said that I would not find her looking well, for in truth she did not feel it. She had supped as usual and walked about till midnight in the moonlit garden. On the morrow, which was Sunday, the 29th of June, she rose early and went down to the apartments of Monsieur, who was bathing : she was with him a long time, and after leaving his room she came into mine, and did me the honour of telling me that she had passed a good night.

A moment later I went up to her. She told me that she was depressed, but the ill-humour of which she spoke might have been the best mood of any other woman, so sweet was her character

and so little was she capable of irritability or of anger.

She was talking to me when they came to tell her that all was ready for the Mass. She heard it, and whilst returning to her room she leant upon me and said, with the kindness that was so characteristic of her, that she would not be so ill-humoured if she could talk with me: but that she was tired of all the people that surrounded her, and could bear with them no longer.

Then she went to see Mademoiselle[1] being painted, for an excellent English artist was making her portrait, and here she began to speak to Madame d'Epernon and to me about her visit to England, and about the King, her brother.

This conversation pleased her and put her into better spirits. Dinner was served; she ate as usual, and afterwards lay down upon the floor, as she often did in private. She caused me to sit beside her, so that her head was almost resting upon me.

The same English painter was painting Monsieur: we spoke of all kinds of things, and by and by she slept. During her sleep she changed so greatly, that after looking long at her I was astonished, thinking that her intelligence must greatly help to adorn her features, since her beauty, so apparent whilst she was awake, was but little seen in sleep. But I did her a wrong by this reflection, for I had several times seen her sleeping, and had not thought her less charming.

[1] Her elder daughter, Marie Louise, afterwards Queen of Spain.

When she awoke she rose from where she was, but looked so ill that Monsieur was surprised, and remarked upon it to me.

She then went to the drawing-room, where she walked for some time with Boisfranc, Monsieur's treasurer, and whilst talking with him she complained once or twice of the pain in her side.

Monsieur came down to start for Paris, whither he had resolved to go. He met Madame de Meckelbourg on the stairs, and went up again with her. Madame left Boisfranc and came to Madame de Meckelbourg. While she was speaking with her, Madame de Gamaches brought to her, as well as to me, a glass of chicory-water that she had asked for some time previously: Madame de Gourdon, her lady of the bedchamber, presented it. She drank it; and replacing with one hand the cup upon the saucer, with the other she pressed her side, and said in tones which betrayed great suffering: "Ah, what a pain in my side! What agony! I cannot bear it." She flushed as she uttered the words, and a moment later her colour faded to a livid pallor that alarmed us all. Her cries continued, and she bade us take her away, as she could no longer stand.

We supported her by the arms: she walked with difficulty, bent almost double. She was undressed in a moment: I held her up while they unlaced her. She was still complaining of the

pain, and I noticed that there were tears in her eyes. I was surprised and touched, knowing her to be the most patient person in the world.

I said to her, kissing her arms, which I was holding, that she must be suffering terrible pain. She replied that it was inconceivable. She was put to bed, but no sooner was she there than she began to cry out more loudly than before, flinging herself from one side to the other, like a person in fearful agony. They sent at once for her chief doctor, M. Esprit : he came, and said it was the colic, prescribing the usual remedies for such complaints. Yet the pain was intolerable. Madame said that it was more serious than they thought : that she was going to die : that they must fetch her a confessor.

Monsieur was standing by her bed ; she kissed him and said, with a gentleness such as might soften the most barbarous of hearts : " Alas, Monsieur, for a long time past you have not loved me ; but that was unjust, for I have never failed you." Monsieur appeared to be very touched, and so deeply affected was everybody in the room, that one could hear nothing but the sound of their weeping.

All that I have just told took place in less than half an hour. Madame still cried that she had fearful pains in the pit of her stomach. All at once she bade us look to the water she had drunk, saying that it was poison : that perhaps one bottle had been mistaken for another : that she was

poisoned, she knew it well, and that she should be given an antidote.

I was standing by Monsieur's side, between the bed and the wall : and though I did not believe him capable of so great a crime, the shock was such, that with a malice common to humanity, I observed him carefully. He seemed neither embarrassed nor upset at Madame's thought : he said that some of the water must be given to a dog ; he concurred in Madame's opinion that oil and counter-poison should be sought, to banish from Madame's mind so distressing an idea. Madame Desbordes, her chief waiting-woman and her most faithful servant, answered that she had mixed the water herself, and had drunk of it. But Madame persisted in her demand for the oil and the antidote : she was given both of them. Sainte-Foy, Monsieur's first valet, brought her some powder of vipers. She told him she would take it from his hand, because she trusted him. With poison in mind they gave her several drugs, which perhaps were more qualified to do her harm than good. All this that they had given her made her sick : she had felt like it several times before taking anything ; but her vomiting was very incomplete, for she brought up nothing but a little phlegm, and some of the food that she had eaten.

The trouble of taking all these remedies, and the excruciating pains she suffered, brought her to a prostration that we took for relief ; but she

said that we must not be deceived, that her sufferings were just as great, that she had no longer the strength to cry out, and that there was no cure for her complaint.

She appeared to be wholly certain that she was about to die, and made up her mind to it, as though it were immaterial to her. It seemed, indeed, that the thought of poison was firmly established in her mind ; and seeing that the remedies had been in vain, she thought no more of living, but only of suffering her agony in patience. She began to feel great apprehension. Monsieur called Madame de Gamaches to feel her pulse, for the doctors had not thought to do so ; she came forth horror-stricken from beside the bed, saying that she could not feel it, and that all Madame's extremities were cold. This frightened us ; Monsieur seemed terrified : M. Esprit said that these were but usual symptoms of the colic, and that he would be answerable for Madame. Monsieur grew angry with him, saying that he had answered for M. de Valois, who had died ; and that now he was ready to answer for Madame, and she too would die.

Meanwhile the parish priest of Saint-Cloud, for whom she had sent, was come. Monsieur did me the honour to ask me if I thought he should be consulted. It seemed to me that Madame was very ill and that the pain she suffered was not consistent with an ordinary colic : yet I was very far from suspecting what was going to happen,

and attributed the thoughts that came into my mind to the keen interest I took in her welfare. To Monsieur I replied that a confession made in the expectation of death could not but be helpful to her, and Monsieur commanded me to go and tell her of the parish priest's arrival. I begged him to spare me this task, saying that since she had asked for him they had only to bring him to her room. Monsieur approached her bed, and she herself again spoke to me of a confessor, but without apparent fear, in the manner of one who has no thought save for what is necessary to her condition.

One of her chief waiting-women had gone to her bed's head to support her ; Madame would not let her withdraw, but confessed in her presence. When the confessor had gone, Monsieur approached her bed : she said a few words to him in a voice so low that we did not hear them, but again it seemed to be something amiable and kind.

They had spoken of bleeding her, and she had desired that it should be done in her foot ; M. Esprit wished it to be her arm : in fine, he made up his mind that there it must be. Monsieur came to tell Madame, as though it were a thing she might find hard to bear ; but she replied that she would do everything they wished : that nothing signified to her, for she knew well that she was not going to recover. We regarded these words as the effect of the violent pain, such as

she had never felt before, which put it into her mind that she was dying.

It was not above three hours since she had first felt ill. Yvelin, who had been sent for from Paris, arrived with M. Vallot, who had been summoned from Versailles. As soon as Madame saw Yvelin, in whom she had great faith, she told him that she was glad indeed to see him ; that she had been poisoned, and that he must treat her accordingly. I know not if he believed it, and concluded that she could not be saved, or if he thought that she was deceived and that her complaint was nothing serious ; at any rate, he behaved like one who had lost all hope, or who did not see the danger. He consulted M. Vallot and M. Esprit ; and after a somewhat lengthy conference, they all three came to Monsieur and assured him on their lives that there was no danger. Monsieur went to tell Madame. She answered that she knew her condition better than the doctor, and that there was no remedy : but she said it with as much gentleness and calm as if it had been a matter of no moment.

M. le Prince[1] came to see her ; she told him that she was dying. All those who were around her broke into speech, telling him that she was not so bad ; but it seemed almost as if she awaited death impatiently, to be delivered of the pains that she endured. Yet the bleeding had apparently relieved her : she was thought to be better.

[1] De Bourbon-Condé.

M. Vallot returned to Versailles at half-past nine and we stayed talking round the bed, believing her to be in no danger. We were almost consoled for the pains she had suffered, hoping that the condition she had been in would serve to bring about her reconciliation with Monsieur: he seemed to be touched; and Madame d'Epernon and I who had heard what she had said to him, took pleasure in bringing to his notice the nobility of her words.

M. Vallot had ordered her a purge of senna; she had taken it, and though we knew nothing of medicine, it nevertheless seemed to us that only an evacuation could do her any good. Nature was striving to effect it upwards: she was continually wanting to be sick, but they gave her nothing to help it.

Thus God blinded the doctors, and suffered them not even to attempt such remedies as might have delayed the death He wished to make so terrible. She heard us say that she was better, and that we were eagerly awaiting the results of this medicine. "All that is so far from the truth," she said, "that were I not a Christian I would kill myself, so fearful are my pains. One must not wish evil to anyone," she added, "but I wish that somebody could feel for a moment what I am suffering, that they might know the nature of the pains I have to bear."

Meanwhile, the medicine was having no effect. We became uneasy; M. Esprit and M. Yvelin

were sent for : they said that we must wait still longer ; she answered that could they but feel her pains they would not wait so calmly. Two whole hours were spent in waiting for this remedy, the last hours in which she might have been given some help. She had taken a large number of remedies, and her bed being soiled, she wished to change it, so that a small one was made up for her beside it ; thither she went without being carried, and even got out of bed on the opposite side and walked round it, so as not to pass over the part that was soiled. When she was in the small bed, either because she was actually dying, or else because the candles were shining in her face, she looked to us to be very much worse. The doctors wished to see her more closely and brought a candle up beside her ; she had bidden us keep them away since she fell ill. Monsieur asked if it annoyed her. " Ah, no, Monsieur," she answered, " nothing can annoy me any more : to-morrow morning you will see, I shall no longer be alive." She was given some soup, for she had taken nothing since dinner. As soon as she had swallowed it, her pains redoubled, becoming as violent as they had been after the glass of chicory-water. Death was clearly seen in her face, and she endured the most terrible sufferings without the least sign of fear.

The King had several times sent for news of her, and she had always answered that she was dying. Those who had seen her had told him

that in truth she was very ill ; and M. de Créqui, who had passed by Saint-Cloud on his way to Versailles, told the King that he thought her to be in great danger : with the result that His Majesty wished to see her, and arrived at Saint-Cloud about eleven o'clock.

When the King arrived, Madame was in the paroxysm of agony that the soup had caused. It seemed as if the doctors were enlightened by His Majesty's presence. He spoke to them privately, asking their opinions, and those same doctors, who two hours previously had answered for Madame on their lives, and who had said that cold extremities were but normal symptoms of the colic, now began to say that there was no hope for her ; that the coldness and weak pulse were signs of gangrene, and that she ought to receive the Sacrament.

The Queen and the Comtesse de Soissons had come with the King ; Madame de la Vallière and Madame de Montespan came together. I was speaking to Madame ; Monsieur called to me, and weeping told me what the doctors had just said. I was astonished and deeply affected, as I might well be, and answered Monsieur that the doctors had lost their wits, and had no thought either for her life or her salvation, that she had barely spoken for a quarter of an hour with the parish priest of Saint-Cloud, and that someone ought to be called to her. Monsieur said he was sending for M. de Condom ;[1] I thought that his

[1] Bossuet.

choice could not be bettered, but that in the meantime he should send for M. Feuillet, a canon whose holiness is well known.

Meanwhile, the King was with Madame: she told him that he was losing the truest servant he would ever have. He answered that she was not in such serious danger: but that he was surprised at her courage, so great did it seem to him. She replied that he knew well she had never feared death, though she had been afraid of losing his favour.

Then the King spoke to her of God: at length he returned to where the doctors were waiting; he found me in despair that they were doing nothing to help her, and especially that they were not giving her an emetic: he did me the honour of telling me that they had lost their heads and did not know what they were doing, and that he was going to try to bring them to their senses. He spoke to them, and then approached Madame's bed again, telling her that, though he was not a doctor, he had suggested thirty remedies to them. Still they made answer that we must wait. Madame broke in, saying that one must even die according to the rules.

The King, seeing that so far as one could tell there was no hope for her, wept and bade her good-bye. She spoke to him, begging him not to cry, for his tears affected her deeply, and adding that the first news he would hear on the morrow would be that of her death.

Marshal de Grammont approached her bed. She told him that he was losing a good friend, that she was about to die, and that at first she had thought she had been poisoned by mistake.

When the King had withdrawn and I was standing beside her bed, "Madame de la Fayette," she said, "my nose is already pinched in." I replied with nothing but tears, for what she said was true, though I had not noticed it before. Presently they put her back into the big bed. She began to hiccough, and said to M. Esprit that it was the hiccough of death. She had already asked several times when she would die, and now she asked again; and although they answered her as if she were in no danger of dying, it was clear that there was no hope for her.

Her thoughts never turned upon living; not a word did she utter of the cruelty of Fate, which was cutting short her life in its prime: not a question to the doctors to know if it were possible to save her; no eagerness for remedies, beyond those which the violence of the pain made her desire; a peaceful countenance in the face of certain death, amid thoughts of poison, and the most cruel agonies; in fine, a courage for which one can cite no example, and that one cannot adequately describe.

The King departed, and the doctors declared that there was no hope. M. Feuillet came: he spoke to Madame with a grave austerity, but found her in a state of mind as austere as was his

own. She had some scruples lest her former confessions should have been invalid, and begged M. Feuillet help her to make a general confession ; she made it in a spirit of great piety, and with a firm resolve to live a Christian life if God should restore her to health.

I approached her bed after her confession. M. Feuillet was beside her, and a Capuchin, her ordinary confessor. The good father would have addressed her and entered upon a fatiguing discourse : she looked at me and her eyes expressed her thoughts ; then turning them upon this Capuchin, " Father, let M. Feuillet speak," she said, with admirable mildness, as though afraid of displeasing him ; " you shall speak in your turn."

At this moment the English Ambassador arrived. As soon as she saw him she spoke of the King, her brother, and of the grief her death would cause him ; she had already spoken of it several times when first she was taken ill. She begged the Ambassador to send him word that he was losing the person who loved him most in all the world. Then the Ambassador asked her if she had been poisoned : I know not if she answered that she had been, but I do know that she told him to say nothing about it to the King, her brother ; that at all costs he must be saved this pain, and particularly that he must not think of vengeance ; she said that the King was not guilty, and that no blame must be laid at his door.

All this she said in English ; and since the word *poison* is common to the French and English tongues, M. Feuillet heard it and broke short the conversation, saying that she must sacrifice her life to God and think of nothing else.

She received the Sacrament ; then, since Monsieur had withdrawn, she asked if she would not see him again ; he was sent for, and coming, embraced her with many tears. She begged him to retire, saying that he moved her to compassion.

Meanwhile, she was growing weaker, and every now and then a faintness came upon her, which affected her heart. M. Brayer, an excellent doctor, arrived. At first he did not despair ; he consulted with the other doctors. Madame had them called to her ; they answered that they should be left to confer a while among themselves ; but she sent for them again, and they went to the bedside. There had been some talk of bleeding her in the foot. " If you wish to do it," she said, " there is no time to be lost ; for my head is growing confused and my stomach is filling."

They stood in surprise at her courage, and seeing that she persisted in desiring to be bled, they had it done ; but no blood came, and indeed, little enough had come at the first bleeding. She thought that she would die while her foot was in the water. The doctors told her that they were going to apply a remedy, but she answered that

she would have extreme unction before taking anything.

M. de Condom arrived while she was receiving it : he spoke to her of God, in a manner suitable to her condition, with the eloquence and piety that are apparent in all his discourses. He caused her to do what he deemed necessary, and she entered into everything he said with admirable zeal and presence of mind.

Whilst he was speaking, her chief waiting-woman approached to give her something that she needed ; she said to her in English, that M. de Condom might not understand, for she preserved her courteous spirit to the last : " When I am dead give M. de Condom the emerald that I had set for him." Whilst he continued to speak to her of God, a kind of sleepiness came over her, which in fact was but the failing of her strength. She asked him if she might take a few moments' rest, and he answered that she might, and that he would pray to God for her.

M. Feuillet stayed at her bed's head ; and barely a moment later Madame bade him recall M. de Condom, saying that she felt she was about to die. M. de Condom approached and gave her the crucifix ; she took it, and kissed it ardently. M. de Condom continued speaking, and she answered him as reasonably as if she were not ill, still holding the crucifix to her lips : death alone made her surrender it. Her strength failed her and she let it fall, losing the power of speech at

almost the same moment as her life. Her agony lasted but a minute ; and after one or two little convulsive movements of her mouth, she expired at half-past two in the morning, nine hours after she had been taken ill.

# Letters relative to the Death of Madame[1]

*To give the reader an entire satisfaction, we have added the following pieces to this History.*

Paris, June 30, 1670. at 4 in the Morning.

My Lord,

I am very sorry that I am oblig'd by my Employ, to give you an Account of the most unhappy Accident in the World. When Madam was at St. Cloud on the 29th instant, with a great deal of Company, she about five in the Evening, call'd for a Glass of Succory Water, which was prescribed for her to drink, having been a little out of Order for two or three Days after she had bath'd ; she had no sooner drank it, when she cry'd out she was a dead Woman, and falling into Madam de Meckelbourg's Arms, call'd for a Confessor. She continued in the greatest Torments imaginable, till three in the Morning, when she gave up the Ghost. The King, the Queen, and the whole Court, stay'd

[1] These letters are printed exactly as they appear in *Fatal Gallantry: or The Secret History of Henrietta, Princess of England*, 1722.

with her till one Hour before she dy'd. God give Patience and Fortitude to the King, our Master, to enable him to bear an Affliction of this Nature. Madam declar'd when she was dying, that the greatest Regret she had in quitting this World, was the Grief and Trouble that this would occasion in the King her Brother ; and when she was a little reliev'd from those severe Pains which the Physicians call the Bilous Cholick, she sent for me, and order'd me to deliver from her the most kind and tender Expressions imaginable to her Brothers, the King and the Duke of York. I came to St. Cloud about an Hour after she fell sick, and I stay'd with her till she dy'd. Never did any one shew more Piety and Resolution than this Princess, who was perfectly Mistriss of her Senses to the last Moment. I flatter my self, that the Grief I am in, will make me excus'd for the Imperfections you will find in this Letter. I am persuaded that every one who had the Honour to know Madam, will share with me the Affliction, which so unparallel'd a Loss, must occasion.

I am,

My Lord, etc.

This Letter was writ by Mr. Montague, since Duke of Montague, Ambassador then at Paris, to my Lord Arlington, then Secretary of State to Charles II., King of England.

The Contents of a LETTER writ from Whitehall, June the 28. 1670. *Old Style.*

MY LORD,

I have given your Lordship an Account of all the News we have here, excepting that relating to the Death of Madam, for whom the King is very much afflicted, as well as all those Persons who had the Honour to know her at Dover. The Feuds amongst her Domesticks, and her sudden Death, made us, at first, believe that she was poyson'd ; but the Account they have since given us of the great Care that was taken in examining her Corps, and the Sentiments of his Majesty, the most Christian King, whose Interest it was to examine that Affair to the bottom, being fully of Opinion, that she dy'd a natural Death, has remov'd the greatest part of our Doubts. I question not but that the Mareschal de Bellefonds, who, I hear, is just arriv'd with Orders to give his Majesty a particular Relation of that fatal Accident, and who brings an Account in Writing, concerning the Death of that Princess, with the Particulars of her Dissection, signed by the Principal Doctors and Chirurgions of Paris, will fully convince us, that we have nothing more to regret, than the Loss of that admirable Princess, without its being aggravated by other odious Circumstances, to render our Grief more insupportable.

This LETTER was writ by my Lord Arlington to Sir William Temple, the English Ambassador at The Hague, dated Old Style.

Paris, July 6. 1670.

MY LORD,

I have received your Lordship's Letters, that of the 17th of June by the Chevalier Jones, and that of the 23rd by the Post. I imagine, the Mareschal de Bellefonds is, before this, arriv'd at London, where, besides the Compliment of Condolance, which he is charg'd with to his Majesty, he will, I suppose, use his Endeavours to clear our Court from their Opinion of Madam's being poyson'd, which he never would have been able to have effected in this, or in the Sentiments of the People. We are not to wonder, if the People are Rivetted in this Opinion, since Madam continually complain'd of it in her greatest Pain. Whenever I took the Liberty to press whether she believ'd she was Poyson'd, she would never return me any Answer, for fear, as I immagine, of increasing the Concern and Grief of the King our Master. The same Reason prevented me from making any mention of it in my first Letter; not being so good a Physician as to determine that Point.

They here endeavour to make me the Author of that Report, I mean Monsieur, who complains

that I did so, in order to break the good Intelligence establish'd betwixt the two Crowns. Both the King and his Ministers very much regret the Death of Madam ; for they hop'd, by her Interest, to have engaged the King, our Master, to have condescended to some things, and to have contracted a closer Friendship betwixt the two Crowns, than they believe they are now able to obtain. I do not pretend to examine what is, or what was endeavour'd to be done in that regard, since your Excellency has not thought fit to communicate the least part of it to my Knowledge : but I cannot help hearing what is publickly said of it, and I am persuaded, that they will not refuse any thing to the King our Master, in order to gain his Friendship ; and on the other side, the Hollanders will do their utmost Endeavours to prevent our joyning with France. All that I desire to know, my Lord, is what I must say, whilst I am in this Country, in my Conversation with the other Ministers, that I may not ridicule the Character I bear. Whilst Madam was alive, she did me the Honour to put so much Confidence in me, as to hinder me from being expos'd to that Misfortune. I am persuaded that the little time you knew her in England, was sufficient to make you regret the Loss of her for the rest of your Life, and not without Reason, for 'tis impossible that any one can have a greater Esteem or Value for any Person than this Princess had for your Lordship. And I believe she had too great a

Love for the King, her Brother, to shew the great Consideration which she had for you, on all Occasions since the good Intelligence betwixt you, were she not assur'd, that you serv'd him well and faithfully. For my part, I have suffer'd so great a Loss in the Death of this Princess, that I take no content in this Country, and believe I shall never enjoy myself in any other.

Madam, after she had made several Discourses to me, in which there always appear'd a great Tenderness for the King our Master, told me in the End, that she was very sorry that she had never done anything for me in her Life-time, in return for the Zeal and Affection with which I had serv'd her ever since my arrival here, but that she had six Thousand Pistoles lying in several Hands, which she desir'd me to accept as a Token of her Esteem. I return'd her an Answer, that she had several poor Servants who had, perhaps, more Occasion for 'em ; and as I never serv'd her for Interest, I desir'd her to excuse me ; but if she pleas'd to tell me to whom she would have them distributed, I would faithfully acquit myself according to her Desires, and she had the presence of Mind sufficient to name 'em all by their particular Names. She was no sooner, nevertheless, departed, when Monsieur seiz'd upon all the Keys of her Cabinets. The next Day, I enquir'd of one of her Women where this Mony was lodg'd ? who told me, it was in such a Place.

These were the very same six Thousand Pistoles that our Master the King had sent her. She had a Design, when this Money first arriv'd, to redeem some Jewels that were engaged for the same Sum, but the King of France had given 'em to her two Days before. So that she had reserv'd the whole Sum entire, that the King her Brother had sent her. Upon this, I demanded the said Sum of Monsieur, as of right belonging to me, and having lent it to Madam, since two of my Servants had delivered it into the Hands of two of her Women, who witnessed it to the Prince, not knowing that it came by the Order of the King our Master. Monsieur had already taken half, and the Remainder was deliver'd to me: I dispos'd of it amongst her Servants, according to her Orders, in the presence of the Abbé Montague, and two other Witnesses, and if Monsieur gives me the rest according to his Promise, I will take care to distribute it in the same manner. Nevertheless, if they have not the Sense to keep it secret, Monsieur will certainly take it from them whenever it comes to his Knowledge. I had no other way to obtain it for these poor Creatures, and I question not, but the King will be better pleas'd with their having it, than that it was in Monsieur's Hands. I desire that you will tell it to his Majesty for my Discharge, and that it go no further. The Chevalier Hamilton was a Witness with the Abbé Montague. I thought

it was expedient to give you this Relation. And am,

My Lord, etc.

*Postscript.*

Since the Writing of this Letter, I hear from good Hands, and a Person in great Confidence with Monsieur, that he would not deliver the Papers belonging to Madam, even at the King's Request, before they were read, and interpreted by the Abbé Montague, and not depending absolutely upon him, he had likewise made use of other Persons who understood the Language, among the rest of Madam de Fiennes ; so that the greatest Secrets that pass'd betwixt the King and Madam are, or will be, publickly known. There was some Things writ in Cyphers, that gave them some Trouble, but which he, nevertheless, pretends to guess at. He complains very much of our Master the King, about the Correspondence he kept with Madam, and of several Affairs that were treated of without his Knowledge. I hope the Abbé Montague will give you a more particular account than I am capable of doing ; for tho' Monsieur has order'd him to make it secret to all, it cannot extend to you if it concerns the Affairs of our Master the King.

This Letter was from Mr. Montague, the English Ambassador, to my Lord Arlington.

Paris, July 15. 1670.

May it please Your MAJESTY,

It is my Duty to begin this Letter with begging Your Majesty's Pardon, for relating to you so Melancholy a Subject, having the Unhappiness to have been a Witness of the cruellest and most noble Death that ever happen'd. I had the Honour to have a long Conversation with Madam, on the Saturday before her Death. She told me, that she found it was impossible for her ever to be happy with Monsieur, who had been more unkind than ever, two days since at Versailles, when he found her in a private Conference with the King, about some Affairs that were not proper to be communicated to him. She told me, that your Majesty and the King of France were resolv'd to make War with Holland, as soon as you had agreed after what manner it should be declar'd. These were the last Words which that Princess did me the Honour to speak to me before her Indisposition, for Monsieur happening to come in, at the same Time, interrupted our Discourse, and I return'd to Paris. She call'd for me two or three Times the next Day, when she fell sick, and Madam de Meckelbourg was so obliging to send for me. She no sooner saw me, when, said she, " You see the sad Condition I am in, I shall quickly dye. Alas! How I pity the King my Brother! For I am certain he will lose the Person in the World who loves him most

dearly." Some time after this she call'd me again, and order'd me to be sure to say all the tenderest and kindest Expressions from her to your Majesty, and to thank you for all the Care you had shewn for her. She then ask'd me if I remember'd what she had said to me the Day before, concerning your Majesty's Intentions to join with France against Holland; I answer'd her in the Affirmative. She then said, "Pray tell my Brother, that I never persuaded him to it out of Interest, but was convinc'd that both his Honour and Advantage were equally concern'd in it; for I always lov'd him more than my Life, and have no other regret in dying, than parting with him." She call'd me several Times to bid me not to forget to acquaint you with this, and spoke to me in English. I then took the Liberty to ask her, if she did not think she was poyson'd; her Confessor, who was near her, understood that Word, and, "Madam, said he, accuse no Person, but make your Death an Offering of Sacrifice to God." This prevented her from returning me an Answer, and, tho' I made her several times the same Demand, she made no other answer, than by shrugging up her Shoulders. I desired her Cassette, which contain'd all her Letters, that I might send 'em to your Majesty, and she bid me demand it of Madam de Borde, who was fainting every Moment, and ready to dye with Grief, to see her Mistriss in so deplorable Condition; so that Monsieur had seiz'd the Cassette before she came to herself.

Madam likewise order'd me, to desire your Majesty to assist her poor Servants, and to write to my Lord Arlington to put you in Mind of it; and to this she added, "and tell the King, my Brother, I hope, for my sake, he will do for him what he has promis'd me, for he is a Person who loves him and serves him faithfully." After this, she said several things publickly in French, Pittying the Affliction that this would give your Majesty. I beg of your Majesty once more to pardon the Misfortune I am under, in being oblig'd to acquaint you with melancholy News, since, amongst all your Servants, there is no one that desires, with more fervency and sincerity, your Happiness and Satisfaction, than,

May it please your MAJESTY,

Your, etc.

This LETTER was writ by Mr. Montague to Charles II., King of England.

Paris, July 15. 1670.

MY LORD,

According to your Orders, I send your Lordship the Ring Madam had on her finger when she dy'd, Which you will have the Goodness, if you please, to present to his Majesty. I have taken the Liberty to give the King an Account of some

things, that Madam commanded me to tell him, being persuaded, that Modesty would not have suffer'd your Lordship to have acquainted his Majesty withal, since they too closely concern'd you. There have been various Reports, as you may very well imagine upon a like Occasion, since the Death of Madam. The most general Opinion is, that she was poyson'd, which gives an Uneasiness of the last degree, to the King, and his Ministers. I was so concern'd at it, that I have scarce had the Heart to go out since. This, joyn'd to the Reports about the Town, of the Resentment the King our Master has shewn, at an Attempt so full of Horror, as to make him refuse to receive Monsieur's Letter, and give me Orders to retire, makes them conclude that our Master the King is displeas'd with this court in the same Degree, as is here reported. So that when I was at St. Germains (from whence I am just return'd) to make Complaints according to your Orders, it is impossible to express the Joy they shew'd to hear that our Master the King began to be appeas'd and that these Reports had made no Impression in his Mind, to the Prejudice of France. I observe this to your Lordship, to let you know how much they Esteem a Union with England, at this Conjuncture, and how necessary his Majesty's Friendship is to accomplish all their Designs: I do not doubt but we shall turn it to the Glory of our King, and the good of the Nation. This is what is desir'd with the

greatest Zeal, by the Person of the World, who is with the most Sincerity,

My Lord,

Your, etc.

This Letter was from Mr. Montague to my Lord Arlington.

My Lord,

I am scarcely in a Condition to write to you myself, being so incommoded by a Fall I had on coming hither, that with Difficulty I move my Hand and Arm. I hope, however, in a Day or two to be in a Condition to go to St. Germains. *I write at present, only to give an Account to your Lordship of what, I think, you already know; which is that the Chevalier de Lorraine has Leave to come to court, and to serve in the Army in the Post of a Mareschal de Camp.*[1]

If Madam was poyson'd, as it is believ'd by most, all France look upon him for the Person who did it, and is astonish'd, not without Reason, that the King of France should have so little Consideration for our Master, as to permit the Chevalier to come to court, especially, since he always behav'd himself in so Insolent a Manner towards the Princess, whilst she was living. I am oblig'd by my Duty, to acquaint you with this,

[1] The passage in italics was written in cipher.

that you may let his Majesty know it, who may speak harshly of it to the French Embassador, if he thinks it convenient, for I can assure you, he cannot suffer it without its being injurious to him, etc.

From Mr. Montague to my Lord Arlington.

# Madame de Lafayette

## Memoirs of the Court of France

# Madame de Lafayette

## Memoirs of the Court of France

### During the Years 1688-1689

MARIE-MADELEINE PIOCHE DE LA VERGNE,
COMTESSE DE LA FAYETTE

# Madame de Lafayette

## Memoirs of the Court of France

### During the Years 1688-1689

FRANCE was in a state of perfect tranquillity; she knew no arms other than the implements needful for breaking up the ground and for building. The troops, too, were pressed into these services, and not only with the intention of the ancient Romans, which was but to keep them from an indolence as harmful as excessive work. For our object was to make the river Eure flow contrary to its course, that the fountains of Versailles might perpetually be furnished with water. Upon this immense project the troops were employed, to speed on by some years the gratification of the King's pleasure ; and the task was wrought with less outlay, both of money and time, than one had dared to hope.

The number of maladies which are ever caused by the breaking up of new land soon rendered the troops encamped at Maintenon, where the heaviest labour had to be done, unfit for any kind of service. But such a mishap seemed of no consequence while France reposed in the bosom of peace. A twenty-years' truce had been made with the whole of Europe.[1] The Empire, despite

[1] It was signed at Ratisbon, 10th and 16th August 1684.

its victory over the Turks, had yet occupation enough to leave us alone ; and it was hoped that an almost certain conquest would prove more alluring than the pleasures of a doubtful revenge. Spain was too cast down to give us a shadow of fear ; England, too, internally tormented, and her King too intimate with ours to give cause for apprehension. And, notwithstanding our conviction that the Prince of Orange bore us ill will, we were reassured by the condition of the Dutch Republic, whose crowning felicity is peace. Thus, we were persuaded that should war break out it could but be at our own instigation.

All this that I have just related left the King wholly to the pleasures of his enterprises. The building of palaces, upon which he spent enormous sums, was to him a source of infinite amusement, wherein he took delight in company with the persons he honoured with his friendship, and those, too, whom his friends had brought to his notice. He believed, it is true, that if peace could be made with the Turk, he would find his enemies arrayed against him ; but the thought was too remote to disturb him greatly. Yet its remoteness did not prevent him from taking political precautions. One of them, which was judged of the highest importance, was to make certain of the Electorate of Cologne, without using force. Already, by possessing Alsace, we were masters of all the Upper Rhine ; only Philisbourg[1] we

[1] Philippsburg, on the Rhine.

did not hold, but a fortress was being built at Landau, that it might become useless to the Empire. Through Luxembourg, all the country of Treves fell into our hands, and a fortress called the Mont-Royal, which we built upon the Moselle, gave us the entire mastery over it. From thence, the Electors of Treves, Mayence and the Palatinate fell beneath our culverins, and the enemies of the King could not easily pass by. The Electorate of Cologne was thus the only one of which we were not the masters ; yet hitherto we had been, by reason of the friendship that had ever existed between the Elector of Cologne[1] and the King ; but the Elector's health was seen to be failing, and he could not live much longer. Since the Canons of this church are all Germans, and it is necessary to raise one of their number to the dignity of Elector, the King found none favourable to his interests save Prince William of Fürstemberg, who had ever been on His Majesty's side : to whom, on the death of his brother, the King had given the Bishopric of Strasbourg, whom he had made a Cardinal, and on whom he had bestowed a number of benefices in France. For a long time this Prince had been on excellent terms with the King, and it was his brother and he who had control of the preliminaries to the Dutch war. The King therefore judged it essential that he should be raised to this dignity ; and this it was thought could more easily and surely be

[1] Maximilian Henry of Bavaria.

done during the lifetime of the Elector than by waiting until after his death. So pressure was put upon the Elector, and he consented to demand a Coadjutor. An assembly was called, and after endless difficulties had been raised by partisans of Emperor[1] and Empire, M. de Fürstemberg was elected Coadjutor. In this country, the affair was regarded as settled, and nothing, it was thought, could prevent him holding the office. Couriers were quickly sent to Rome and Vienna : to Rome for Bulls, to Vienna for the Investiture. Both were refused. The Emperor refused, having regard to his own interests ; the Pope refused by reason of a shocking obstinacy, mingled with a hatred of France, the whole masked by a veil of religion and zeal for the Church. No one can deny that the Pope[2] has excellent qualities, and that at first his designs were strictly honourable ; but he certainly deviated from the path of justice and equity that befits a good father of his children. I find no fault in him for having helped the Emperor, the King of Poland[3] and the Venetians in their warfare against the Infidel. One can also defend the part he took in the affair of the franchises, and excuse him for being offended with the French ministers concerning what happened in the assemblies of the clergy. For then his authority, a thing most apt to rouse jealousy in human nature, was at stake ; and even if

[1] Leopold I. [2] Innocent XI.
[3] John Sobieski.

human nature had no part in the matter, the Pope having cast it aside when he mounted St Peter's throne, he would still be called upon to defend the Church and her rights. But in one circumstance the behaviour of the Pope cannot be pardoned or excused: it is in this affair of Cologne. Throughout the rest of the Elector's life, he refused to grant Bulls to M. de Fürstemberg, despite the fact that the latter had been canonically elected to the office of Coadjutor, that he had received all the necessary votes, and that the Emperor, who had proposed a brother of M. de Neubourg, had been powerless to hinder his election. The Pope knew the state of health of M. de Cologne; he knew, too, that in denying the Bulls to the Coadjutor he made inevitable a new election on the Elector's death. The Pope's reason for not granting the Bulls was that this man had put all Europe to fire and sword; that he was the cause of past wars, of which the wars to come would be but the result; that such a man was unworthy to hold so high an office, and that, once raised to it, he would but the more readily undertake to disturb the peace of Christendom. Thus the Pope congratulated himself that he had found a reason which seemed to spring from the compassionate bowels of the Father of all Christians; but, in truth, he refused this favour to the Cardinal de Fürstemberg because France supported him, and because it was a means to take vengeance strong and sure against the King,

whom he had found in opposition to certain of his desires.

During this time, while the King most ardently solicited the Bulls, and the Pope most firmly opposed him, the Elector of Cologne died, leaving vacant, besides the Archbishopric of Cologne, the Bishoprics of Münster, Liège and Hildesheim. The King's intention was that M. de Fürstemberg should fill as many of these offices as possible, but he attached the greatest importance to those of Cologne and Liège, which were adjacent to his own states, and therefore vital to him. The Pope's persistence in withholding the Bulls necessitated another election, so that the office of Coadjutor, created for M. de Fürstemberg, was utterly useless. Nevertheless, while the post was vacant he remained Administrator of the Archbishopric, and since he had been influential throughout the life of the late Elector, the gift of all offices was in his hands : among the Canons his credit was very great. On the death of the Elector, some considerable time elapsed before the new election was held ; but according to custom, the Bishops of Münster and Hildesheim were first appointed, and there was no mention of M. de Fürstemberg. Little effort was made on the part of the Court that he should fill these two offices. Concerning that of Cologne, it was quite another matter. Thither was sent Baron d'Asfeld, a most able man, whom M. de Louvois had frequently employed to conduct negotiations ; troops were advanced

upon the frontiers, and money was sent into the Archbishopric of Cologne to be distributed among the Canons, and among those priests who are subordinate to the Canons, and who have an elective vote, though they are not eligible for the office. As negotiator in opposition to Asfeld, the Emperor chose Count de Launitz, a man of indifferent wit, so far as one can hear ; who succeeded, however, in attaching the Elector of Bavaria to the Emperor's interests. In truth, his wife had more part in it than he, for the Elector grew enamoured of her, and no one can be more convincing than a lover or a mistress. M. de Launitz proposed to the Canons that the Bishop of Breslau,[1] son of the Elector Palatine and brother of the Empress, should be made Archbishop of Cologne ; they gave him but scant attention, so that a happy issue of the affair, in favour of the Cardinal de Fürstemberg, was looked for. When the Emperor saw that the Bishop of Breslau had no chance, he proposed Prince Clement of Bavaria,[2] brother to the Elector of that country. He, however, was not of age, and the opposition could not have been greater ; yet even this drawback his supporters denied, on a specious pretext that it would be to the advantage of the Electorate : that the Prince Clement would not enjoy any privileges until he came of age, that until then the administration would remain in the hands of

[1] Francis Louis of Neuburg.
[2] Joseph Clement of Bavaria, Bishop of Ratisbon.

the Canons, and that the revenues would be employed to settle the affairs of the Archbishopric, which were in a grave disorder. At the same time letters from the Pope were presented, granting dispensation to Prince Clement, in that he was not of age. And here the Pope recounted the services which the Elector had rendered to Christianity and to the well-being of the Archbishopric ; yet no great intelligence was required to discern what lay at the root of his actions, and in France they were esteemed for what they were worth. The Dutch had hitherto taken but a small part in the negotiations, and the Prince of Orange especially had lain low, refraining from taking any definite steps, lest the ground should slip beneath his feet ; that it might therefore have no time to do so, he sent to Cologne, only two days before the election, one Isaac, his steward, the only man who shares his confidence with Count Bentinck ; there was this difference between them, that one went as his personal friend, and the other almost as his prime minister, and as a man closely attached to his service. And so they arrived at Cologne, with a considerable amount of money, which quite convinced those who were wavering and who nevertheless had given their votes to the Cardinal when it was but a question of making him Coadjutor. The election was held on the appointed day, and there were given all the ordinary votes of the twenty-four Canons of whom the Chapter of Cologne is composed. The

Cardinal de Fürstemberg had thirteen votes, Prince Clement eight, and two others each received one. One of these two subsequently went over to the Cardinal's side, so that he received fourteen votes. As the victory goes to him who receives the most votes, the Cardinal was, on the face of it, proclaimed Elector. Those who had supported the Prince Clement made some kind of a protest, and each went to his own lodging, and refused to assist at the proclamation. Nevertheless, the Cardinal de Fürstemberg had now been proclaimed, yet to be Elector in fact he still required the Pope's Bulls and the Investiture of the Emperor. He turned first to the King for support, and the King sent him some troops, who took the oath to the Cardinal, as Elector. He caused them to occupy the fortresses of the Archbishopric, and put them under French commanders.

Throughout all this time, a great part of the King's infantry had been at Maintenon. His cavalry was encamped at various places. M. de Louvois was ill, and was taking the waters at Forges, for the benefit of his health. Illness broke out at Maintenon, and raged with such violence that it was found necessary to put the troops into barracks ; the work there, it was reckoned, would last from another six weeks to two months. It seemed that no violent action would be taken this year. Then M. de Louvois came back from Forges, and two days later the Marquis d'Huxelles, who was in command of the

camp upon the Eure, was ordered to break up the camp. And then the rumour spread that war was about to be declared. It was said that the military forces were to be increased, and soon afterwards, commissions were given for new levies. At the same time we heard of the fall of Belgrade, and it was thought that the Turks were no longer able to bear the burden of the war; so the question was whether peace would not be made between them and the Emperor; and there could be no doubt but that, once it was made, all the forces of the Empire would fall upon us.

Matters in Rome went from bad to worse; no one could vanquish the Pope's obstinacy, so well was it fomented by those in whom his trust reposed; and those who might have spoken to him, and induced him to change his mind, he regarded with too much suspicion. Thither the King resolved to send Chamlay, a man in whom M. de Louvois had the greatest confidence and whom he frequently employed. To him the King entrusted a letter to the Pope, written in his own hand, and he forbade him to have any commerce with M. de Lavardin, his own Ambassador, or with Cardinal d'Estrées, who managed all the King's business. His instructions were to address himself to Cassoni, the Pope's favourite, and then to the Cardinal Cibo. Chamlay acquitted himself of his orders like a man of parts, but he had the misfortune not to succeed. Cassoni and

Cibo made sport of him ; they sent him back and forth from one to another, and he returned having seen naught but the Italian landscape. His journey achieved nothing save to vex Cardinal d'Estrées and M. de Lavardin, and to swell the manifesto that the King issued when the troops went forth at the beginning of the war.

When the election at Cologne was accomplished, the Canons of Liège assembled for theirs. We had great need of a man in this place who would favour our interests, and the King was determined that it should be Cardinal de Fürstemberg ; but there was scarce a mention of him throughout the election. They offered the King to elect Cardinal de Bouillon ; but His Majesty was too ill-pleased with him and all his family to suffer this preferment. The King replied that he would have none of him, and at the same time he ordered Cardinal de Bouillon to vote for Fürstemberg, and to pledge his friends to do likewise. The Cardinal, it seems, did not fulfil the King's wishes ; he acted, moreover, with great clumsiness, for, having first given his promise and undertaken to do what was asked of him, he wrote a letter to Père de la Chaise, the King's Confessor, in which he sought advice, maintaining that his conscience bound him to interests other than those dictated by the King. In fine, it soon became evident that his conduct had not proved satisfactory, for his secretary was arrested at the house of M. de

Croissy,[1] and also, but a short time later, an under-secretary. Thus a Bishop was elected at Liège other than Fürstemberg. The new Bishop is a gentleman of that country, a very holy man, whose mental capacities involve him in no important projects, and who perhaps, at this present time, deeply regrets that he was elected. The King was offended that the Chapter of Liège had failed to carry out his intentions ; but he consoled himself with the quantity of taxes that he hoped to draw from this country.

Our efforts were now concentrated upon upholding the election of Cardinal de Fürstemberg at Cologne. Yet more troops were marched thither, and M. de Sourdis was sent as commander. Proposals were made to the Elector of Bavaria,[2] which it was hoped he would be able to accept, for it was alleged that his wife could not bear children, and that Prince Clement had no desire to commit himself to the priesthood. Soon afterwards, however, news came that the Electress was breeding, which extinguished all hope.

At this same time, when we learnt that the elections had gone against us, information was brought to the King that the Prince of Orange was preparing an immense fleet, with designs upon England. He had held conferences with the Elector of Brandenbourg[3] and with M. de Schom-

[1] Charles Colbert, Marquis de Croissy, brother of Louis XIV's famous minister.

[2] Maximilian Emmanuel, son-in-law of the Emperor Leopold.

[3] Frederick III.

berg. At first it was thought that the object of these interviews was merely to prevent us becoming masters over the Electorate of Cologne ; but the Prince of Orange was purchasing troops on all sides, wherewith to equip his ships. It was said, indeed, that never since the naval host of Charles-Quint had one more formidable been seen. His Majesty warned the King of England,[1] that all these preparations threatened him ; but the King of England was not greatly disturbed, because he did not believe it. When the Prince of Orange saw that his plans had been disclosed, he hastened them forward, and scattered very large sums of money, to be ready to start as soon as might be ; for he was persuaded that great schemes succeed with difficulty if they have once been aired and are but slowly put into execution. His Majesty did not omit to acquaint the King of England that he would bring him help whenever it should be needed.

Throughout this time, preparations for a campaign were going on ; great promotions had been made among the general officers ; there had been marching in divers places, and it was obvious that something would come of it before the end of the year. The courtiers were in great perplexity as to whether the King would march himself, or whether he would but send a Field-Marshal with the proposed expeditions. Equally were they at a loss concerning which direction the expedition

[1] James II.

would take. The King had sent word to the Dutch that, should the Prince of Orange make an attack upon England, he would declare war on them. He had sent the same threat to the Marquis de Castanaga, Governor of the Low Countries. Many people thought that Namur was a fortress absolutely essential to the King, and believed that it would be seized. In fine, each one judged the matter according to his own caprice or according to his knowledge. Only one thing seemed certain: that some great scheme was afoot. The court was to leave for Fontainebleau in five or six days when the King announced that he would not march with the expedition, but that he would send Monseigneur[1] to take Philisbourg and the Palatinate, and that M. de Duras, who had already some time ago been sent to govern the Franche-Comté, should command the army under him. Monseigneur left three days after his journey was made known, and twelve days later he was before Philisbourg. M. de Boufflers had a considerable force on this side of the Rhine, and Marshal d'Humières had marched with another into the Duchy of Cleves and Luxembourg, so that if the troops which were still said to be gathering around Cologne should make the slightest movement, he would be in readiness to go wherever he might be needed. M. de Boufflers began by taking with his army a small fortress in German Lorraine,

[1] The Dauphin Louis.

called Kaiserslautern,[1] from the Elector Palatine. The Marquis d'Huxelles, who had been sent on into Alsace to serve in Monseigneur's army, took another called Neustadt, and then fell upon a hornwork at Philisbourg, this side of the Rhine. The King left Versailles to go to Fontainebleau, and at the same time he published a manifesto, giving an account of all his dealings with the Emperor, with the Pope, and with all his neighbours. The Dauphine arrived but three days after him, being sadly incommoded, as, indeed, she had been for some time. Monseigneur completed his journey in eleven days, travelling in his carriage as far as Sarbourg. His court on the way was composed of but a few persons, the officers hastening forward to their duties, and the courtiers having had no time to prepare their equipment. The King had appointed M. de Beauvilliers to be Monseigneur's governor. At Sarbourg, he mounted on horseback, and made a long day of it ; he had learnt at Dieuze that some *boyaux* had been opened in front of the fortress, and at the same time he heard of the taking of Kaiserslautern by M. de Boufflers. In three days he journeyed from Sarbourg to Philisbourg, finding it a bad road and a very long way. Upon his arrival before Philisbourg, despite his great fatigue, he did not omit to inspect the disposition of all the forces, in company with M. de Duras, who held the command beneath him, and

[1] Madame de Lafayette calls it Keiserlautre.

who had come to meet Monseigneur a short distance beyond the bridge, which was but a league and a half from Philisbourg. Saint-Pouange, who represented M. de Louvois with this army, accompanied him as well as M. de Duras. Every one was for a long time without baggage, and even Monseigneur, since the season was already far advanced for such a considerable siege, and nothing could be allowed to hamper the passage of troops and of all that was necessary for the enterprise. The intrenchment was continued which had been begun in the absence of Monseigneur; thither at first he sent two battalions of guards, and it was called *the Intrenchment of the Upper Rhine*, since it followed the course of the river. Three days after the arrival of Monseigneur, another intrenchment was dug upon the other side, and called *the Lower Rhine;* thither was sent one of the battalions from the first intrenchment. Six days after the arrival of Monseigneur, yet a third was dug; it was called *the Great Intrenchment*, and was occupied by two battalions, with a Lieutenant-General and the Brigadier on duty. Each of the others was in command of a Major-General. Two days before the digging of this trench, an Engineer called La Lande, who had been in the fortress when the Imperial troops besieged it, was stricken by a cannon-ball in going to see what work was to be done. His death was a cause of great annoyance to M. de Vauban, since no one else knew

the fortress so well; it had, nevertheless, been altered a good deal since he had left it. Meanwhile, the besieged army kept up a prodigious fire. Nothing of interest happened during the digging of the trench, and nobody of importance was either killed or wounded. The first casualty was one Sarsé, who, coming from the place where were encamped his own regiment and that of Monseigneur, had his wrist carried away by a cannon-ball.

While Monseigneur was occupied with the siege, he detached from his service M. de Montclar, Commander of the Cavalry and Lieutenant-General, with a party of cavalry, bidding them enter the Palatinate. M. de Montclar seized one or two small towns which were devoid of fortifications, and he remained there in readiness for a more considerable enterprise should opportunity present itself. The first three or four nights in the intrenchment passed quietly enough. The work went on apace, yet it took all this time to mount our guns. The fourth night, sword in hand, our troops took a little intrenchment from the enemy. The Regiment of Auvergne was in our intrenchment, and Presle, its Colonel, was wounded. In the morning the enemy feigned an attack; they came upon the pioneers and the vanguard of the Regiment of Auvergne, the latter falling into disorder when the pioneers were flung back upon it; nevertheless, most of the attackers were killed or made prisoners. Catinat,

who was in the intrenchment that day, received a bullet in his hat ; and he was here, there and everywhere, as indeed he must needs be throughout the siege, in the wake of M. de Vauban. For it was upon him that the work of the siege fell most heavily : a man in whom M. de Louvois has great confidence, and in whom he cannot have too much.[1] By common consent, nobody has more wit nor more merit than he.

During this time, Monseigneur sent orders to M. de Montclar, bidding him try to take Heidelberg, capital of the Palatinate : an easy enough town to capture, for it is built on the banks of the Neckar, between two very high hills. On one side is the castle, the ordinary residence of the Electors Palatine, which lacks neither beauty nor strength. M. de Montclar had no infantry, and but a piece or two of cannon, hence it would have been hard for him to succeed by the rules of military strategy. The Grand Master of the Teutonic Order, son of the Elector Palatine, held the castle with seven hundred to eight hundred men of his father's army. The path of honesty was therefore judged the best, and Chamlay, who was with M. de Montclar, took it upon himself to deliver the message. He said that he was sent by Monseigneur to learn their intentions ; that he would be deeply grieved if they came to any

[1] Catinat subsequently led victorious French armies in the Dauphiné and Flanders

harm. In fine, Chamlay, with his excellent reasoning, persuaded the Grand Master, ill as he was, to abandon the Castle, and to rejoin his father, who had gone into the Duchy of Neubourg. Chamlay drew up the terms of surrender for the garrison, to the satisfaction of the Grand Master, who asked that it should be sent to Mannheim, a fortress of the Palatinate. This was granted to him, but since it was part of the plan to besiege Mannheim as soon as Philisbourg fell, and since it therefore did not suit us to allow such reinforcements to enter it, one Rubentel, a Lieutenant-General, was sent with as much as remained of cavalry in the camp, saving the necessary garrison, to make a pretence of investing Mannheim. When the garrison of Heidelberg, already greatly diminished, presented itself for admittance, it was told that no troops may enter an invested fortress, and it must needs take the road to return to the country of Neubourg. And when he had seen the last of it, Rubentel returned to the camp before Philisbourg.

In the meantime the intrenchments of the Upper and Lower Rhine had proved their worth ; the hornwork was taken without difficulty, and in it some prisoners were captured, one being a nephew of M. de Starhemberg, Governor of the fortress, whose name was the Count d'Arcos. There were but few losses on our side. Among persons of note, no one was killed save the son of M. Courtin, who was in M. de Vauban's suite ; and he met

his death at our own men's hands, for he did not know the countersign. In the Great Intrenchment things went but slowly, for there was a large sheet of water to pass, which made a kind of *avant-fosse*. M. de Vauban was anxious to save his men, and he greatly feared violent actions. Heavy batteries had been made of cannons and mortars, yet they did but little damage to the besieged. On the other hand, their cannon, of which they had a vast quantity and well served, completely swept the end of our intrenchment, and continually killed our men. With their muskets, however, they kept up such a mediocre fire that our losses by this means were very slight. Le Bordage, who was a Major-General, and who had been but recently converted, was wounded in the head by a musket-ball, and only survived it two hours. Three days later, Nesle, also a Major-General, received one in the same place, and he died a month later at Spires. He was an honest lad, of mediocre wit, but greatly liked. He was ever unfortunate, so that to some degree his misfortunes constituted a merit. The Marquis d'Huxelles, Lieutenant-General, was also wounded at this time, by a musket-ball between the shoulders; but it was not a serious matter. The sheet of water was crossed at length. From the great intrenchment a redoubt was taken, which the enemy abandoned as soon as they were attacked; and during the days which followed, a corner of the counterscarp fell into our hands:

yet it was evident that this would not prove to be of vital importance; batteries had been constructed in the hornwork, and a large breach made in the crown-work, whose revetment was poor. The Lieutenant-General changed his post, and took the Rhine Intrenchment, for the two had become one. The Duc du Maine, who was a volunteer, and who had been obliged to follow the example of the other volunteers[1]—whose numbers were excessive—and choose a regiment with which to go into the intrenchment, had chosen the King's Regiment, of which there are three battalions. He had, to start with, joined the first battalion, which, with the third, was to hold the Great Intrenchment, while the second went to the Intrenchment of the Rhine. He therefore begged permission of Monseigneur to join the second battalion, thinking that there would be more to see. M. le Duc,[2] whose regiment was also to be sent to the Great Intrenchment, begged of Monseigneur the favour that it too might go up to the Rhine, and that the Regiment of Grancey, which should by rights have been going thither, and whose Colonel was absent, might be sent to the Great Intrenchment to take its place. This, too, Monseigneur granted, whereupon the officers[3] deeply offended, wished to resign their commissions. At this point Grancey himself

[1] Madame de Lafayette's own son was among them.
[2] M. le Duc de Bourbon, son of the Prince de Condé.
[3] Of the Regiment of Grancey.

arrived, and stated his case ; that evening nothing could be done, but in the morning Monseigneur sent to the Duke, requesting him not to use the permission that had been granted him ; so the Duke did not go into the Rhine Intrenchment. But even if Monseigneur had not prevented him, this slight advantage would have availed him nothing ; for the night was spent in filling in the fosse, and in making a bridge of fascines that the breach might more easily be crossed. Already the preceding night they had realized the state that it was in ; and the Comte d'Estrées, the only volunteer to be wounded, was hit in the thigh by a shot which the enemy aimed at two sergeants, who had been sent to make a closer examination. The same night, one Harcourt, a Major-General, while going to inspect something or other, fell from a height of eight or ten feet and dislocated his hip, whereby he was greatly inconvenienced for some considerable time.

But to return to M. du Maine : he went up with the second battalion of the King's Regiment, but at ten or eleven in the morning he left the intrenchment, thinking there would be nothing more to do. Vauban, whose scheme was to attack the crown-work that night, thought it advisable to make a test of the enemy's strength. So two or three small detachments of Grenadiers were composed, from the Regiment of Anjou, which was going to the intrenchment of the Upper Rhine ; and while M. de Vauban went over to

the intrenchment held by the battalion of the King's Regiment, they set off. They saw almost no one in the fortifications—which were of a prodigious size—and so went into them. At this point they were met by some thirty of the enemy, but, while the detachments were advancing, the main body of the battalion was also on its way, so that the advance guard was actually on top of the breach. Meanwhile, M. de Vauban had gone to the other side, and was sending on his detachments, when he heard a loud noise from the place he had left. He guessed what it was, and hastened the march. The Grenadiers of the King's Regiment arrived on top of their breach just as the enemy was being pushed back from the other side. They were digging themselves in with the eagerness of all soldiers to seek cover from the enemy's fire, when a parley was sounded. No one guessed that it meant surrender: for they had still to carry the counterscarp of the town, pass a broad and very deep fosse, and as yet the body of the fortress was untouched. But they knew that it could not be for the purpose of carrying away the dead, since no more than five or six of the enemy had been killed. Great, therefore, was the curiosity to know what it might mean, when the news came that it was a capitulation. Every one was astonished, and word was brought to Monseigneur with all the haste merited by such good tidings. Monseigneur was starting out, according to his custom, to see the battalions

go up into the intrenchment. His surprise was great, all the more since M. de Vauban had reckoned that the town would hold out another ten days. But the rains were inconveniencing us sorely, and so late was the season, that it was useless to hope for better weather. Word had also been sent to court that it would be another ten days before the fortress fell ; but that very instant a courier was dispatched, bearing the news that it had capitulated. Hostages were exchanged, and those from the town went to Monseigneur's. Like the Germans they were, they boasted of their fine defence, and made mock of us that we had not vanquished them sooner. They had spent twenty-six days in the open trenches, and for seven or eight of them nothing had happened at all. In the capitulation, we accorded them the most honourable terms. They were given two pieces of cannon, and three days in which to make their preparations. M. de Starhemberg took it into his head to declare that he was very ill, and most seriously begged of Monseigneur the favour that a confessor and a doctor might be sent to him ; but he could well have done without the one and had no need of the other, for his malady was naught but an ordinary quartan fever. The very next morning troops were sent to invest Mannheim, among them being the cavalry regiment of Monsieur le Duc. M. le Duc marched with the Prince de Conti,[1] a volunteer in the

[1] François Louis, Prince de Conti, nephew of the Prince de Condé.

army who had gone up into the intrenchment with him, and who, moreover, had never missed a single morning going to see what had happened overnight, his only fault being his excessive zeal; so he, too, marched off, with the thought that the men of Mannheim might display more courage than those of Philisbourg. It proved, however, to be much the same thing, and the two princes had but the satisfaction of firing a few rounds of cannon.

When the capitulation of Philisbourg had been signed, d'Antin went off to bear the news to the King; but M. de Saint-Pouange had caused a courier to start five or six hours ahead of him, who arrived at Fontainebleau in the middle of the sermon. M. de Louvois, knowing that the King was anxious for news, took it to him at once, despite the sermon. The King stopped the preacher, announced that Philisbourg had fallen, and read the letter that Monseigneur had written him. The preacher, one Father Gaillard, a Jesuit, was by no means upset at the interruption, but spoke all the better for it, and paid the King, upon the subject of this happy event, a compliment which called forth applause from the congregation. As for Madame d'Antin, who knew that her husband was to have brought this news to His Majesty, she behaved like the best of wives, and swooned at the opposite end of the church, thinking he had come to some harm, since someone else had brought the message. When d'Antin

left, the articles of capitulation had already been drawn up, and at that moment, a gate of the town was given up to the Regiment of Picardy, which is the oldest of all ; moreover, preparations were being made for sending off what was necessary to besiege Mannheim. Next day the battalions were again in the intrenchment, and were busily engaged in demolishing it. An officer of the King's Regiment who was in the intrenchment that day, for want of a better occupation took a soldier's gun to fire at some snipe ; just at that moment Monseigneur arrived, and all the officers who were sitting got up to see him come. This one, however, oblivious of the general stir, caught sight of a snipe on the wing : he fired, and the bullet that was in the gun, along with some small shot, passed through the body of the Chevalier de Longueville, a bastard son of the late M. de Longueville. And so by a tragic accident his life was cut short in the bloom of his youth, for he was but twenty years old ; and this was a cause of great grief to every one.

On All Saints' Day, which was Monseigneur's birthday, M. de Starhemberg left the fortress in his coach at the head of his garrison, which was composed of his own regiment (eighteen hundred of his men being still fit for service) and sixty horse dragoons. The officers threw the blame upon the soldiers, saying that they had refused to obey them. The soldiers declared that throughout the siege they had never seen their officers.

In fine, it was concluded that none of them were up to much. So cheerful were they all that it was evident they had equally shared in the weak defence of the town. M. de Starhemberg got down from his coach to salute Monseigneur, who had come to see the garrison leave. They were given an escort to take them half-way to Ulm, where they were to embark for Vienna. The day after the garrison had gone, Monseigneur went into the fortress and caused a Te Deum to be sung.

Whilst we were besieging Philisbourg, the Prince of Orange had wished to send his fleet to sea ; but the winds had always been contrary, and he had been obliged to return to harbour with some ships damaged and others lost. His army was composed of troops that he had hired in various countries. He had even got them from Sweden and from the Prince Regent of Würtemberg, but the latter was made to pay twice over the profit he had gained, for all his country was given up to pillage by the King's troops. The Prince of Orange thus had a very large army and a considerable number of good French officers, Huguenots who had left the Kingdom for religious reasons. Moreover, M. de Schomberg, who had joined the Prince, was the best general in Europe. Every imaginable thing that was not only necessary but useful for a strong defence had been loaded upon these vessels, and the venture had been for a long time in preparation, under cover of an impenetrable secrecy : the rest was in God's hands.

But in France as in England suspicions were rife. Soon after the army had marched for Philisbourg, the King was warned that an attack on the coast of Normandy impended. He thought to fortify Cherbourg, a seaside town, and the work was actually begun ; but Cherbourg was in no condition for resistance, neither were there enough troops in it for a defence. The intention had been to send thither two battalions from Versailles, that had recently been working at Maintenon, but such was their decrepit condition that they could not go : not more than a hundred men fit to march were to be found. The provincial nobility was called up, and also the militia ; Artagnan, Major of the Guards, with the officers and sergeants of the same regiment, and Jonvelle, the Commander of the second company of Musketeers, were sent to command these troops. Fresh officers were assigned to the Guards, and Musketeers dispatched to Belle-Isle, lest the attack should fall in that direction. Big garrisons were also sent to Calais and Boulogne. In fact, everything was done which could have been done if the suspected attack had been a certainty.

During the siege of Philisbourg, M. de Boufflers caused some troops to invest Worms, a fairly important town on the Rhine. He had seized Mayence, partly by the Elector's consent, but partly too by force and subterfuge : and now we were negotiating with the Elector of Treves for Coblentz. We did not ask for his fortress of

Hermenstein, but only wished to make sure of a free passage on our own side of the Rhine. The Elector of Treves seemed fairly well disposed to us, and it was hoped that the negotiations would be brought to a felicitous conclusion, when suddenly we learnt that Coblentz had been occupied by troops of the Elector of Saxony and neighbouring princes. Frankfort, which was in a terrible state of apprehension, also received a powerful garrison of these same troops. Our dismay at having lost Coblentz, and at having been made the sport of a negotiation, was certainly acute. We consoled ourselves as best we could, ravaging the lands of the Electorate of Treves, and taking prisoner the Grand Marshal of the Elector, who was responsible for his master's change of mind. And at last it was resolved to bombard Coblentz.

When all that was necessary for besieging Mannheim had left the camp of Philisbourg, Monseigneur set forth at the head of what troops he had left (for a great number had gone on ahead), and encamped in a hunting-lodge of the Elector Palatine, that belonged by rights to the Dowager Electress Palatine. Next day Monseigneur arrived before Mannheim. So terrible was the weather, that he had to quarter his troops in the neighbouring villages. The Governor of Mannheim was nothing but a citizen of Frankfort, an ironmonger, ennobled by the Emperor. When Monseigneur arrived, this Governor was given to

understand that he would be hanged if he allowed trenches to be opened, and that he had no right to the airs of an Elector Palatine. To this harangue he gave but a blustering reply, and frequently fired his guns. There was no need for lines of circumvallation, since the greater part of our army was covered from the Neckar and the Rhine, over which we held the mastery : nor was there any likelihood that the enemy would attack what lay beyond the former. We had a bridge of boats across it, and the quarters of Monseigneur were within reach of the fortress guns, though effectively concealed by trees. Mannheim is built upon the world's most perfect site, after the Fort of Kehl. It is at the confluence of the Neckar and the Rhine, and is protected on one side by a swamp. There is a fine large citadel, splendidly constructed within. The Elector had a hideous palace there, but the town itself is lovely, with its streets laid out by the rule. Nevertheless, all looks poverty-stricken. It is extremely modern, having been begun not forty years ago, by the late Elector, that is, by the father of Madame.[1] When he had reconnoitred the fortress, Monseigneur caused an intrenchment to be opened in front of the town. This was carried extremely far forward, and at the same time a battery of mortars was constructed. In the morning M. de

[1] Charles Louis, eldest son of Elizabeth of Bohemia, and therefore grandson of James I of England. His daughter " Liselotte " was the second wife of Philip of Orleans.

Mornay, Aide-de-Camp to Monseigneur and son of M. de Monchevreuil, was killed. A great grief it was to his father, who was of the suite of M. du Maine, for he had been an honest lad, and well established, though he had showed no great signs of assisting Fortune in his own advancement. It seemed rather as if Fortune had come to seek him, and she would doubtless have dragged him from a very mediocre state, and raised him to great opulence, without the smallest flourish of her trumpets. He was killed by cannon-fire, along with the Lieutenant of M. du Maine's Guards and two soldiers.

That evening the intrenchment was opened in front of the citadel, and fourteen hundred men were detailed to work upon it through the night. This intrenchment was carried to within thirty fathoms of the counterscarp, and work was begun upon a battery of fourteen pieces of cannon. There was one on the other side of the Rhine, which had been constructed before the intrenchment was made, and this sorely hindered an enemy battery which covered the intrenchment, so much so, that in a short time it became quite useless, which disabled them not a little. That day Monseigneur went to see Heidelberg, and was caused to drink from that famous tun, which is the admiration of the whole of Germany. Upon his return, he learnt that Mannheim wished to capitulate. For some time the opinion was that we should keep them to it, and not receive their

capitulation until the citadel surrendered. But at last it was deemed advisable to accept it, the intention being to make an attack upon the citadel from the town side. At the time when our intrenchment was being opened in front of the town and the citadel, the enemy had passed the night with violins and hautboys upon the ramparts; their gaiety, however, lasted but a short time. And so, in brief, the town was allowed to capitulate. The fire which our bombs had caused to break out on one side of it had been the subject of some dissension between the governor and the citizens: and for his part the governor threatened to burn them out if they surrendered: but since his authority over his own garrison was none too great, he had to do what the citizens wished. All their privileges were guaranteed, and the Regiment of Picardy entered the town. In the morning the side of the citadel facing the town was reconnoitred. This was found to be in worse condition than any other part, and preparations were made to attack it in the evening, despite the Governor's announcement that he was going to set fire to the entire city: but towards four o'clock in the evening his pride had cooled, and he asked for terms. His garrison, which had greatly diminished in passing from the town into the citadel, demanded money, without which it refused to fire. He had no money and could get no more from the citizens. So at last he capitulated. It was granted to him that he should issue forth

with flying colours and with all the meaningless honours demanded and readily obtained by those who have made a weak defence. He was granted in addition two pieces of cannon, which he was not given, and twice twenty-four hours to make ready for his departure. During these twice twenty-four hours he thought to be assassinated by his soldiers, and he had to beg for a guard of the city's troops.

So this Governor came forth, as had been agreed, at the head of five or six hundred men, among whom were sixty dragoons, and he went to lodge in a little town of the Palatinate. Monseigneur watched him leave, and gave him an escort of forty troopers commanded by the Chevalier de Cominges. On his departure he demanded his cannon and the three waggons of bread he had been promised ; but neither the one nor the other did he get. When the garrison reached the small town where they were to lodge, they devised a plot to pillage it, on the pretext that money was still due to them, of that which had been assigned for their subsistence. The Chevalier de Cominges was warned of this, and found himself in straits with so small a troop ; but he dispatched a man to inform M. de Duras, and retrenched himself with his forty men. During the night three hundred horsemen were sent to him, who arrived before the break of day, and frustrated the plot. The garrison was forced to set out on the march again : for by agreement it was to go to Düssel-

dorf. The way was long, and the soldiers grumbled unceasingly at their commander. He was obliged at last to leave them and travel post, for fear they should do him to death. He left them his baggage, which was but a very indifferent provision.

Monseigneur sent St. Maure to the King with the news that the fortress had fallen, and he gave all the necessary orders for the preparation of the siege of Frankendal, which the King had sent word he was yet to undertake, promising him great pleasures at court when he should return from it. Monseigneur made his entry into Mannheim, and caused a Te Deum to be sung in the church of the citadel, the only church that was Catholic ; and even there services of three different religions were held each day. The Regiment of Picardy remained to garrison Mannheim, with the Lieutenant-Colonel in command.

All the troops that were to winter beyond the Rhine left the camp before Mannheim and betook themselves to their quarters. Those who were to remain upon this side followed Monseigneur to the siege of Frankendal. The march from Mannheim to Frankendal was very short. The day after Mannheim had surrendered, the cavalry which was beyond the Rhine with M. de Joyeuse was sent to invest the fortress. It was invested, and the following day was sent the Chevalier de Courcelles, Major of the Regiment of Cuirassiers, to talk with the Governor, and advise him to

surrender, assuring him that otherwise he would be given no quarter. His reply was that of a gallant fellow. The day that Monseigneur arrived, it was thought to make some kind of treaty, and the Governor was very well disposed to it ; but his Major caused him to change his mind, by assuring him that his reputation would be lost if he did not fire at least a few rounds of cannon. He gave in to this false bravado and said he would surrender when it suited him. So after two days the intrenchment was opened, and on the second day later, work was begun on batteries of guns and mortars. All this lasted till the morning of the third day. The town was burning from seven o'clock in the morning till noon, the great clock tower being burnt down. The bombardment lasted till ten o'clock at night. At half-past eleven next morning they sounded a parley and begged to capitulate. Great was the rejoicing among the troops, for though it gave them great pleasure to serve under Monseigneur, it was nevertheless the twentieth of November, and they dreaded exceedingly the winter weather.

Coblentz was still under bombardment during the siege of Frankendal. At the latter the enemy had a crown-work, from whence they greatly harassed our troops. Barbezière, at the head of his regiment of dragoons, carried it most courageously, despite the heavy bombardment from the town. Monseigneur granted most honourable terms to the Governor of Frankendal, and watched

the departure of the garrison, consisting of seven or eight hundred men. He remained for three days to see all the troops of his army dispersed, sent M. de Caylus to bear the news of the city's fall to the King, and gave orders that post-horses should be kept in readiness for him, from Verdun to Paris. The day after the taking of the fortress, many persons left him, and among them M. le Duc, who was somewhat ill-received by the King, as also were those who had followed him.

Monseigneur travelled in five days from Frankendal to Verdun on horseback, and from Verdun to Versailles he posted in two days. The King, the Dauphin and all the court assembled at Saint-Cloud to await him, and some cannon had been placed at Saint-Ouen, to be fired when he arrived, so that the Royal party should know when to leave, and come to meet him as far as the Bois de Boulogne. All this was done. The King, the Dauphine, Monsieur, Madame and the Princesses, got down from their coaches. When he arrived the King embraced him ; but he most respectfully embraced the royal knees. The King lavished endearments upon him and overwhelmed him with kindness, having been delighted with all his letters, as well as with the good accounts that every one had sent of him—which neither the King nor the public had expected, since Monseigneur was little known : so that the King was afraid of doing him too little honour. The Prince de Conti arrived with Monseigneur and was the

only one, save the necessary officers, who accompanied him. It was not long that this Prince had been married, and his wife regarded him with all the affection that so amiable and estimable a man can inspire in the heart of an ardent young person who has never loved before. Not only had she never smiled throughout the period of his absence, but she had scarcely spoken. M. de Beauvilliers, who had marched as Monseigneur's Governor, did not arrive until two days after him. Great was the joy at court to witness Monseigneur's arrival and to see his triumph. All the poets gave rein to their muse, good or ill, overwhelming him with praises, every one of which rebounded on the King.

General officers were left upon all the frontiers. Montclar, who as a matter of course held the command in Alsace, remained there with two Major-Generals and several Brigadiers under him. His command stretched to the Neckar. The Marquis d'Huxelles remained at Mayence, also with two Major-Generals under him and several Brigadiers. His command stretched from the Neckar to the Main, and beyond it. M. de Sourdis commanded the whole Electorate of Cologne ; M. de Montal the length of the Moselle ; M. de Boufflers his own province ; M. de Duras remained with the army before Frankendal, until the last detachment had gone. He had orders to leave his equipment in that country and to return to Paris. Meanwhile, news was received that the

Emperor's troops were advancing, so that there was no time to be lost in collecting the taxes, to which M. de Louvois ascribes such extraordinary importance. When the army left Philisbourg, Feuquières had been sent with his regiment to Heilbronn, an Imperial town. M. de Bade-Dourlac[1] had handed over to Monseigneur a little town in his country on the borders of Würtemberg, called Pforzheim, and thither a garrison was sent. A large one was assigned to Heidelberg, and the troops, this side of the Rhine, were dispersed among other garrisons.

No reliable news of the Prince of Orange had been received by the army, beyond the fact that he had again embarked, that again a second tempest had compelled him to put into harbour, and that by this means he had lost many horses, which his men had been forced to throw into the sea ; however, there was still plenty of time ; and great was the impatience for news of so dire a catastrophe as this seemed certain to be. By the time Monseigneur reached Paris, it was known that the Prince had made a most successful landing,[2] that he had advanced into the country and seized a town,[3] but that no one had joined him. Each judged of this venture at his own discretion. The King had sent word to the Dutch that should the Prince of Orange lift a hand against the King

[1] Baden Durlach.
[2] At Torbay, 15th November 1688.
[3] Exeter.

of England, he would declare war on them. He did not fail to do so. All the Protestant princes of Germany had made common cause with the Prince of Orange, so that this war was the result of hatred for the King and zeal for religion. The Prince of Orange commanded the Dutch envoy at the Imperial Court to work most seriously at bringing about a peace between the Turk and the Emperor, so that the forces of the Empire might be united against France. There is also some probability that, for his part, the King sent word to the Porte through his Ambassador that he was going to attack the Empire, with the object of encouraging the Turks to reject the peace; even Teleki,[1] of whom nothing had been heard for a long time, began to show signs of life.

The situation of the Prince of Orange did not long remain unchanged. The first to leave the King of England and join his cause was a Lieutenant of the Guards, with a few of his men. At the same time we heard that there was a rebellion in the North of England and that My Lord de Lamere[2] was assembling troops. A few days later, almost a whole regiment went over to the Prince of Orange, though many returned the next day. The King of England went forth from London and took up a most advantageous position, by which the Prince of Orange must pass to reach

[1] Leader of a rebellion in Hungary against the Empire. He and his confederates were abetted by Louis XIV.

[2] Lord Delamere, who raised William's standard in Cheshire.

the City. Lord Feversham, brother of M. de Duras, commanded a large army, which had assuredly overwhelmed the Prince of Orange had it been as loyal as it was fine ; but many Lords deserted and joined the Prince of Orange. Among them was one named Churchill,[1] a captain of the King's Guards, and a favourite of His Majesty, who had raised him from the lowest ranks of the nobility to very high dignities ; and he, not content with deserting to the Prince of Orange, would also have betrayed the King to him. A bleeding of the nose, which overtook the King when going to dine with Churchill, thwarted the treachery. The Prince of Denmark, who had married the Princess Anne, the King's second daughter, also abandoned him. Even his daughter followed her husband, and the King was forced to return to London, for fear lest a riot should break out and he should no longer be master of the City.

This news was very surprising to the French court : for since we had seen how few persons declared themselves in favour of the Prince of Orange on his arrival, we had almost come to count on his having taken a false step. About this time, just when it was least expected, His Majesty declared that he was resolved to hold an investiture of Blue Ribbons.[2] There was a large number of promotions : seventy-three, in fact.

[1] John Churchill, afterwards the famous Duke of Marlborough.
[2] *Cordons bleus:* the insignia of the Order of the Holy Ghost.

Those who had taken part in the war had a considerable share in them, for it was seen that their services would be required again, and that other rewards would be more expensive. It seemed, moreover, that M. de Louvois alone had decided who should receive the Blue Ribbon. Madame de Maintenon, for her part, bestowed it on her brother and M. de Monchevreuil ; and she probably contributed to raising Villarceaux to a Knighthood of the Order. Three officials of the King's household were passed over ; the Grand Provost,[1] the Chief Steward [2] and Cavoye, the Grand Marshal of the court. The first of these could claim, in addition to his post, noble birth and the fact that his father had belonged to the Order ; but the two others had only their posts to recommend them ; in truth, several Knights were created whose birth, as much as theirs, was a stain upon the Order ; but in this the greatness of Kings is most clearly revealed, that they can raise persons of low estate to rank with the great lords of a Kingdom. Of the Dukes, there were three who did not receive the Blue Ribbon : Messieurs de Rohan, de Vantadour and de Brissac. These three were but rarely at court and did not go to the wars : moreover each of his kind was a most extraordinary man, though in character they differed widely one from another. M. de Soubise and the Comte d'Auvergne declined

[1] Louis François du Bouchet, Marquis de Sourches.
[2] Louis Sanguin, Marquis de Livry.

the Order, since it was proposed that they should rank among the lesser nobility, as they had no Duchies. The Princes of Lorraine had consented to rank after M. de Vendôme ; but they took precedence of all the Dukes. The Comte de Soissons, whom the King had appointed to fill a place, begged his permission to refuse it, for his father had been unwilling to rank after the late M. de Vendôme, and since he was on bad terms with the Princesse de Carignan, his grandmother, and since, moreover, the Duke of Savoy had no love for him, he feared that it would embitter them the more against him. The King had the goodness to approve his reasons, but was displeased with the Comte d'Auvergne and M. de Soubise. The vain glory of the Bouillons, on whom the King had bestowed the rank of Princes, although in truth they were but noblemen of an ancient family of Auvergne, had been the cause of their downfall. The King had it recorded in the Archives, that the Comte d' Auvergne had refused the Blue Ribbon from fear of ranking below the Dukes, despite the fact that his grandparents had been of lesser nobility ; and that M. de Soubise had also refused the honour, although another member of his family, called the Comte de Rochefort, had consented without difficulty to the proposed conditions. As for M. de Monaco, whose rank was the same, he accepted the honour with all the submission that befits a man who is receiving favours from his master, and declared himself

content to march according to the rank of his Duchy. He may have done it because he did not attend this ceremony and because he had no intention of figuring at any other. There were many Lieutenants of the King in the chief provinces who had counted upon the honour as being virtually due to them, but who were passed over : among others, there were the three Lieutenants of Languedoc. They had only themselves to blame ; since for a long time they had suffered such indignities, and with so much humility, that it was thought they might suffer this also. M. de la Tremouille[1] was highly favoured, being still by a whole year under age. Many did not come to the ceremony, because they were employed in the King's service in the provinces ; and others the King excused, because, since he had announced their promotion so late, and since even those who were already in Paris had scarcely had time to get their clothes made, those who had far to come would have found it impossible : for example, M. de Monaco, who had only left for his home ten days before the promotion was announced ; and M. de Richelieu, who was at Richelieu in voluntary exile, having in a single sweep lost more than a hundred thousand francs, which he was not in a position to pay.

The King seemed rather worried. In the first place, he was very much occupied, and with disagreeable matters ; for the time which shortly

[1] Charles-Belgique Hollande de la Tremoille, Duc de Thouars.

before he had been spending in planning his buildings and fountains, must now be employed in seeking the means to stave off what threatened to engulf him. Germany was melting away from him ; none of her Princes were favourable to his interests, and he had not sought to conciliate any of them. As for Holland, we had declared war upon her. In England, matters were going so badly that the least we feared was the reconciliation of her King with the Prince of Orange, the effects of which would recoil upon us ; and it seemed, indeed, as if this were the best that could happen. The Swedes, who from time immemorial had been our friends, had now become our enemies. The King of Spain had said that he wished to preserve his neutrality ; but he, more than anyone else, refrained from taking any steps, so that it was thought he might very well preserve this neutrality until just when we were in a tight place ; so the King wanted the Spaniards either to declare their intentions, or to give him two towns, to wit Mons and Namur, as a pledge of their good faith. It was a hard proposition ; but on the other hand we could hope for no great advantage save in Flanders, and Namur was to us an absolute necessity, being the only passage by which the Dutch and the Germans could invade our country. Our coasts were in a very bad condition, M. de Louvois, who has the chief share in the government, having regarded them as being outside his province. He knew of the concord which existed

between the two Kings, and that was enough for him. It is not in his nature to be very far-seeing. To do us any harm, it was essential that Holland should join hands with England. Such an agreement was inconceivable to him, and God alone could have foretold that in three weeks England would be subject to the Prince of Orange. The result of all this was that our coasts had been neglected.

The internal affairs of the Kingdom gave His Majesty no less cause for anxiety ; there was a large number of new converts, groaning under the burden of compulsion, who had neither the courage to leave the Kingdom, nor the will to become Catholics. Their Ministers, who were in distant countries, had deluded them into believing that they would be freed from persecution in the year 1689.[1] They beheld the march of events in England, which was beginning about that time. Every day they received letters from their brothers in refuge, which encouraged them the more ; and when they bethought themselves that all the world was hostile to the King, they had no longer any doubt but that he would yield, and would be compelled to grant them the re-establishment of their religion. In addition to these new converts, there were many other dissatisfied people

[1] The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes had been signed in October 1685, on the plea that it was no longer necessary, since most of the Huguenots had embraced the Catholic faith. Many, indeed, had been driven by persecution to do so : hence the " compulsion " referred to.

in the Kingdom who would join their ranks should fortune incline towards the enemy rather than towards us. The King saw all this as clearly as anyone, and he might have been anxious with much less cause. Had he possessed a less complete mastery and a less courageous spirit, he would have been overwhelmed by it. How to assemble enough troops to resist all this at once? He had counted on the Swiss, and then had fallen out with them. They would not let us levy soldiers in their State; on the contrary, they permitted the Emperor to do so. The King had a treaty with the late Duke of Savoy, by which he should have three thousand men; this would be of some small assistance; but the Duke turned awkward. The King grew peevish, and said he no longer wanted them. In the end the Duke of Savoy had to beg him to take them, and it was but a very slight help. So the King had nothing but his own State to draw upon. Commissions were given up to the 1st of January, and the King issued a decree for the levying of fifty thousand militiamen throughout the provinces, who should repair wherever it might be thought necessary; these were divided into regiments. For its officers, anybody was appointed who had served before; and on Sundays and holidays this militia had firing-practice. In fine, the King had to raise by the following spring more than three hundred thousand men, apart from the militia; a colossal number. In Germany, the whole month

of December had been spent in collecting taxes, from States as far hence as those of the Elector of Bavaria ; and Feuquières, who was in command at Heilbronn, and who had marched with a large detachment, had given all these countries cause to tremble. We had exacted fifty thousand francs on the borders of Holland, that is to say, in Dutch Brabant. Bulonde had marched thither, and had burnt a village belonging to the Prince of Orange, called Rosendal, near Breda, because it had refused to pay the tax. The tax was also levied in the country around Liège and Juliers ;[1] and all this money came in most conveniently. The troops, to tell the truth, drew little benefit from it, for they were given nothing : but this is a habit which has taken root in France and which is doubtless to her advantage. At the end of December, our troops beyond the Rhine were obliged to withdraw, but they pillaged and destroyed the fortresses, such as Heilbronn, Stuttgart, Sinsheim, and many others. They were working at the fortifications of Pforzheim, a fortress on the frontier of Würtemberg, which is excellently situated, being among the mountains. They were also working at the fortifications of Mayence.

At court we were some time without learning news of England ; no trustworthy information was forthcoming ; we only knew that the affairs of the King of that Isle were going very badly.

[1] Julich, in the Rhineland, west of Cologne.

Then there arrived one of the gentlemen of M. de Lauzun, who had gone to England at the beginning of all the trouble ; he brought news, but it was not made public. A few days later, we heard that the Queen of England[1] had escaped to France with the Prince of Wales, under the guidance of M. de Lauzun, and that they had reached Calais. It was judged that this courier had been hastily dispatched to communicate the project of her flight to the King, and to know if he approved it. Rumour declared that the King of England would arrive twenty-four hours later ; but his arrival was vainly awaited. Two days passed during which there was no other topic of conversation, save his projected flight. It was reported that the English ports were closed. At last a rumour spread that he had been arrested at Rochester in trying to make his escape. He had wished to divulge neither to the Queen nor to M. de Lauzun, the plans for his flight. As regards the Queen, the scheme had been well prepared and well carried out. The King of England had wished to make arrangements for the flight of the Prince of Wales, and had sent his son out of London, lest he should no longer be the master of it. He had entrusted him to Lord Ormond, whom he believed to be entirely loyal to his interests, and who was in command of his fleet. It is said that he commanded him to bring the Prince into safety, that Ormond

[1] Mary of Modena.

refused, saying that he would be answerable to the whole of England for it, adding that all he could do was to send back the Prince, with whom His Majesty could then do as he wished. The King of England was disconsolate, to see every one failing him, for he had his doubts whether Lord Ormond would restore the Prince ; and he did not know till the following day that Ormond had sent him back. The King of Great Britain had suggested to the Queen his wife, that she should leave without the Prince of Wales, but she would not consent. At last news was brought that the Prince had arrived. They left him for three days in a suburb of London. The Queen, with two women, one of whom was the governess of the Prince of Wales, a certain Madame Fiden and her husband, with M. de Lauzun, and St.-Victor left at nightfall. First the King went to bed as usual with the Queen his wife, and they rose again an hour later. The King, having dressed, took his wife down a secret staircase, and put her into the hands of M. de Lauzun, who had given out some days before that he was going back to France, and who, to this effect, had engaged a yacht and hired a coach in which to take them. When they reached the coach, the coachman swore he would not move. Time was growing scarce. M. de Lauzun gave him money, which brought him to his senses ; but just as he was mounting on his seat, a riot broke out, people crying that these were Catholics making their

escape ; and so they were once more in danger of being arrested ; but the coachman, now thoroughly frightened, made haste, with the impetus of some more money from M. de Lauzun ; so they escaped this danger, and reached the yacht in safety. Unperceived by the Captain, the Prince of Wales was taken on board ; the Queen carefully concealed herself, and committed her voyage into the hands of God. But the danger was not past ; for the Dutch fleet was cruising in the Channel, and it might be that the wind would blow them back to England. When the yacht put out to sea, the wind was excellent ; but before long it veered. When night came it blew so hard that they must needs furl every sail. The Captain no longer knew where he was ; he heard a noise, and thought they must be near a harbour ; but soon he recognized the bells that are rung in ships to summon the crew to prayers. Then he guessed that he was in the midst of the Dutch Fleet, and so it proved. But the wind having somewhat dropped, they spread the sails, and the yacht reached Calais in safety about nine o'clock in the morning. The coast-guard, seeing the yacht approaching, informed the Governor, M. de Charost. He sent two shallops to reconnoitre, as was usual.

The affair of M. de Charost and M. de Lauzun has made too much noise for me to omit mentioning it here. When the shallops returned, word was sent to M. de Charost that M. de Lauzun

was on the yacht. They were great friends. The Duc de Charost went to meet him, and embraced him. M. de Lauzun besought him for lodgment for two lady friends of his, who had fled with him from England. The Duc de Charost made a reply that he deeply regretted he could not offer to lodge them in his own house, since its roof was full of holes and the rain came through ; but that he would find them the best lodging the town afforded. At the same time he pressed M. de Lauzun to tell him who these women were. M. de Lauzun was very reluctant, and at last told him that it was the Queen of England, but that she wished to remain incognito ; that he must render her no honours nor marks of distinction, and that otherwise she would be reduced to a state of despair. M. de Charost did not believe M. de Lauzun, and went to meet the Queen, to render her, as he said, all the honours possible. He sent her a body-guard, received orders from Her Majesty, and then retired to send word of it to the court. When he told M. de Lauzun what he proposed to do, the latter bade him have a care, and said he was in danger of spoiling everything, since the Queen wished no honours done to her. He almost lost his temper with M. de Charost, who refused to listen to reason, saying that he was but doing his duty, and that all he could grant M. de Lauzun, was time to write to the court first. He then caused the gates of the town to be closed, forbade the

issuing of post-horses, and announced the arrival of the Queen and Prince of Wales. When the captain of the yacht came for permission to go back, M. de Lauzun again told the Duc de Charost that at all costs the man must be detained. M. de Charost replied that he had orders to do no violence to the English ; that the most he could do was to keep the captain amused and advise him not to return, but that he could not hinder him in any other way. The captain, as it happened, refused to take the Duke's advice.

Throughout the Queen's sojourn at Calais, M. de Charost had three tables set for her and her suite, and continued to render her all the honours due to a sovereign. Nevertheless, after the arrival of M. de Lauzun at court, a rumour spread that M. de Charost had failed to do his duty in this respect, that the King was badly served at Calais, and that the fortress was not so much as guarded ; but he vindicated himself, and on his return was very well received by the King. When the courier came from M. de Charost, there were great rejoicings at court, where news of the King of England was impatiently awaited. It was known that he had intended to make his escape not long after the Queen, but no news had been received of his arrival, and the English ports were closed. It was reported that the King had been arrested at Rochester, disguised, while trying to escape. This report came no one knew whence, and was succeeded by others,

as always happens with events that are out of the ordinary. At last reliable information was received, to the effect that the King, disguised as a servant, and being just about to embark on a boat that was to take him to some French ships scattered along the coast and concealed among the rocks, had been held up by drunken peasants, who cried that these were Catholics escaping, and who, on this pretext, had carried him off to prison at Rochester. There he was recognized, and the nobility of that neighbourhood came to release him, kissed his hands and rendered him the homage due to their King. These gentlemen lamented to His Majesty the fact that he had wished to abandon them. While the King was being led to Rochester, he remembered a certain noble lord in the neighbourhood of that town, and sent word to him of the situation in which he was placed. This nobleman made reply that His Majesty could get out of the difficulty as best he might ; but that since he himself could be of no use, he did not propose to wait upon him. The King was taken back to London, and lodged as usual in his Palace at Windsor, where the people came to him, lamenting also that he wished to abandon them.

The Queen of England moved from Calais to Boulogne, where she remained for some time, awaiting news of her husband. One can imagine her grief at hearing what had occurred. It was concealed from her at first : but she, being one

day at the window, saw one of the King's servants who had escaped, and who was to have fled with him.

As concerns the court of France, everything was just as usual. There is a certain routine that never changes : always the same pleasures, always at the same hours, and always with the same people. M. de Lauzun had written from Calais a letter to the King, in which he announced that he had taken an oath to the King of England not to give up the Queen his wife and the Prince of Wales save into his own hands ; but that, since he had not had the good fortune to meet with His Britannic Majesty, he besought the King to absolve him from his oath, and to send him orders into whose hands he should deliver the Queen and the Prince of Wales. The King sent M. de Lauzun a reply written with his own hand, saying that he had but to return to court ; and he dispatched a Lieutenant of the Guards, an exempt, forty Guardsmen, M. le Premier with several coaches and stewards and all that was necessary for the fugitive Queen. The King then said that he had been writing to a man who had seen a good deal of his calligraphy, and who would be only too pleased to see more. This regard of the King for M. de Lauzun gave much food for thought to his ministers, who had no love for the Duke, and it put them into a state of active dread lest the King's affection for M. de Lauzun should break out afresh. His Majesty sent M. de Seigne-

lay to Mademoiselle,[1] to tell her that after the services M. de Lauzun had just rendered him, he could on no account refuse to receive him. Mademoiselle flew into a passion and said : " So this is my reward for all that I have done for the King's Children." In brief, she was in such a fearful rage that she could hide it from nobody. One of M. de Lauzun's friends was appointed to bring her a letter from him. She took it, and threw it into the fire in his presence ; but this friend rescued it, and pointed out to Mademoiselle that she ought at least to read the letter. Mademoiselle, however, shut herself up in another room, and returned a moment later, saying she had burnt it unread.

At this time some Knights of the Holy Ghost were created, with as little ceremony as possible, the King having a natural aversion to all forms of constraint. They were divided into groups ; otherwise they would have taken too long. One half was done at Vespers on New Year's Eve, beginning with those who had titles. They were finished off next day, during Mass. Nothing of interest occurred. Two days beforehand there had been a great dispute between the Duc de la Rochefoucauld and the Duc de Chevreuse. The Duc de Luynes, father of the latter, had disposed of his Duchy in favour of his son, and this Duchy was older than that of M. de la Rochefoucauld ;

[1] Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who had married Lauzun secretly, and had quarrelled with him.

consequently its holder claimed to walk in front of M. de la Rochefoucauld at the ceremony. M. de la Rochefoucauld insisted that he had not been received as Duc de Luynes, and that he must therefore rank as befitted the Duc de Chevreuse. So they quarrelled. At last the Duc de Chevreuse obtained an order from the King, empowering him to be received by the First President,[1] without an assembly of the Chamber ; and he was received the very day of the ceremony. The Duchy of Chevreuse was ceded to the Comte de Montfort. The order was sent by couriers to those who were at a distance, whom the King had honoured with the Blue Ribbon. I cannot refrain from telling here how the honour was received by two persons of very different character, the one being M. de Boufflers and the other the Marquis d'Huxelles. The first received it most humbly, thanking God and the King for the continual blessings they showered upon him ; and in his acknowledgment he addressed the most fervent expressions of gratitude to the King and to M. de Louvois. The second gentleman addressed his thanks to M. de Louvois alone, at the same time begging the courier to tell him whether the Order prevented him visiting the tavern and other such places ; if it did, he would send it back. I should add that these two men of such diverse character are both among the

[1] *Le premier président*, the chief of the eight presidents of the *Grand' Chambre*, the highest court of the *Parlement* of Paris.

most honest of people. But this is a somewhat burlesque digression.

M. de Lauzun, having received the King's permission, came to court in extraordinary transports of delight ; he threw his hat and gloves at the King's feet, and resumed all the artifices he had formerly employed to please His Majesty. The King feigned amusement. When Lauzun had seen the King, he returned to the Queen of England, who had just arrived at court, having received still no news of her husband. It was first proposed to accommodate her at Vincennes, but the King decided that Saint-Germain would be more suitable. During her journey thither, news was received that the Prince of Orange had arrested the King of England. The memory of the tragic death of his father, Charles I., set us trembling for his safety ; but that same evening, the King, on retiring to his own rooms, said he had information that this Prince was in safety. A valet named François who had been for some time in the service of His Britannic Majesty, had seen him embark near Rochester. From thence this Prince had passed to Dover, and so across to Ambleteuse, a small port close to Boulogne. The valet had gone ahead, and said he had heard a salute fired at Calais, apparently in honour of his master's arrival. So the evening was passed without surprise at hearing no more of the King of England's arrival ; but next morning at the levee there was great consternation, for still no news

had come. It seemed that the night had been too long for the courier not to have arrived, had the cannon, which had been heard to fire at Calais, been for the King. It was recounted during the morning that Lord Feversham, brother of M. de Duras, had been arrested by the Prince of Orange while delivering a message to him from the King of England ; that the Prince of Orange had sent word to the King of England that he must leave Windsor, since while he was there, it was impossible to take the steps that were necessary for the good of the State. The King raised obstacles ; but shortly afterwards the Prince of Orange sent again, saying that the matter was urgent, and that he must retire to Hampton Court, which is one of the houses of the Kings of England. The King answered that he could not go thither, since this house was unfurnished, but that if he deemed it advisable, he would go to Rochester. The Prince of Orange consented, and at the same time announced that to ensure his safety he would send the King forty of his Guardsmen. The King was obliged to fall in with the Prince's wishes, and so in a few moments he had left Windsor. His Britannic Majesty was very closely guarded. The first day, the Prince of Orange had allotted to him Guardsmen who were almost all Catholics, as well as their officer ; they heard Mass with him. When the King arrived at Rochester, he was less closely watched. There were back doors to his palace ; a servant, who

was well-disposed to the King, found horses for him, and these he employed. He left at nightfall, and reached a place where a small boat was in waiting, to conduct him to a bigger vessel. Reaching this little boat, he found some drunken peasants, who obliged him to drink the health of the Prince of Orange. His Majesty gave them money to drink it again. All the details were taken into consideration which the valet had given that morning, and every one argued according to his lights. Some believed that the Prince of Orange had supplied the King with the means of escape, intending to have him drowned at sea ; others thought the Prince's intention must be to transport him to Zeeland, and there hold him prisoner. In fine, each one announced as a certainty whatever was passing through his head. The King was depressed, and his Ministers very worried.

The King was at Mass, expecting no other news than that of the King of England's death, when M. de Louvois appeared, informing His Majesty that a courier had just come from M. d'Aumont, announcing the arrival of the King of England at Ambleteuse. Great was the joy at court : equally great among the people of quality and the servants. At once a courier was hastened after the Queen of England, who was on the road. M. le Grand[1] had left that same morning to receive her at Beaumont. As for the

[1] M. le Grand Ecuyer : the Master of the Horse.

King of England, according to the courier's story, he had been in a very small ship, having some armed men with him and one or two grenades. In the distance he saw a vessel much bigger than his own ; he gave orders for a defence, in case they were attacked : but when they drew near they saw that the vessel was French. There were great rejoicings on both sides. The King went on board the French ship, and landed in safety, though sorely tired, for it was a long time since he had passed a good night.

The King went from Versailles to Chatou to meet the Queen of England and the Prince of Wales. There, followed by a very large court, he awaited the Queen, who arrived a moment later. She was very well received. Her Britannic Majesty conversed with all possible intelligence and grace, more even than an ordinary woman could maintain in misfortunes as great as hers. The King conducted her to Saint-Germain, and did all he could to lessen her griefs, already greatly diminished by the joy of hearing that the King, her husband, had arrived in good health in this country. Then the King returned to Versailles, and next day dispatched to Her Majesty a magnificent dressing-table, with all that she required to clothe her, and all that was needed for the Prince of Wales, modelled upon that which had been made for the Duc de Bourgogne. With it was a purse of six thousand pistoles, which was laid upon the Queen's dressing-table. She had

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already been given four thousand at Boulogne. The next day, being the day that the King of England was expected, the King went to await him at Saint-Germain, in the Queen's apartments. His Majesty had been there from half to three-quarters of an hour before he appeared : when he reached the *Garenne*,[1] word was sent to His Majesty, and again when he arrived at the Castle. Then His Majesty left the Queen of England and went to the door of the guard-room to meet him. The two Kings embraced most affectionately, with this difference, that the King of England, preserving the humility that befits a person in misfortune, bowed almost to His Majesty's knees. After this first ceremonious embrace, in the middle of the guard-room, they embraced again in friendship ; and then, holding him by the hand, the King led the King of England to the Queen, his wife, who was in bed. The King of England refrained from embracing his wife, apparently out of respect.

When the conversation had lasted about a quarter of an hour, the King conducted the King of England to the rooms of the Prince of Wales. The courtiers were not greatly over-awed by the aspect of the King of England, and his speech made even less impression than his person. He recounted to the King, in the Prince of Wales's chamber, where one or two courtiers were present, the chief events that had befallen him, and he

[1] The rabbit-warren.

told them so badly that the courtiers found it hard to excuse him, even remembering that he was English, and consequently spoke French very badly ; that in addition he had a slight stammer, that he was very tired, and that it would hardly be strange for so many misfortunes to diminish an eloquence much more perfect than his.

Having left the Prince of Wales the two Kings returned to the Queen. There His Majesty left the King of England, and came back to Versailles. All right-minded people were deeply affected by the meeting between these two great Princes. The following morning, at his levee, the King of England found all that he needed, and ten thousand pistoles on his table. In the afternoon, this Prince came to Versailles to see the King, who received him at the door of the guard-room, and conducted him to his private apartments. Then he visited the Dauphine, Monseigneur, Monsieur and Madame. He remained for a very long time with the King. Monseigneur and Monsieur went to Saint-Germain to return the visit. Concerning matters of ceremony there was some dispute. The King wished the King of England to treat Monseigneur as an equal ; the King of England consented, on condition that the King similarly treated the Prince of Wales. At last it was decided that the Dauphin should have a folding-chair in the presence of the King of England, and an arm-chair in the presence of the Queen. The Princes of the Blood had also

their pretentions, saying that, since they were not the subjects of the King of England, they too should receive a different treatment. At length matters were satisfactorily arranged : but when it came to the question of their wives, it was not so easy. The Princesses of the Blood allowed three or four days to elapse before waiting upon Her Majesty of England, and even then the Duchesses remained behind. These latter claimed two separate usages : that of France, which permits them to sit in presence of their Sovereign, and that of England, which permits them to kiss her. The Queen of England, who, though proud, is nevertheless eminently sensible, told the King he had but to command her, and she would fulfil his wishes ; she begged him to appoint the ceremonial himself and, for her part, promised to observe it. So it was decided that the Duchesses should adhere to the French custom. When the Queen of England came to Versailles, its magnificence surprised her, and above all the Great Gallery, which, without doubt, is the finest thing of its kind in the Universe ; she praised it, moreover, very highly, in the most fitting terms, which could not but be pleasing to the King. She paid the same visits as the King her husband, and returned to Saint-Germain amid the warmest commendations.

During all this time, troops were steadily assembling on the Rhine ; the financial returns were diminishing, and it had become necessary to

abandon the outlying towns. The first to be evacuated was Heilbronn, together with the country around Würtemberg. It had first been thoroughly pillaged ; but, while our troops were leaving Heilbronn by one gate, the enemy, entering by another, fell upon a small rear-guard, and also killed the wounded who had been left in the town, and whom it had not yet been found possible to withdraw. All the troops from this neighbourhood retreated to Pforzheim ; and those who had advanced a little further in the other direction, withdrew to Heidelberg. Here a strong garrison was assembled, that of Mannheim being also reinforced. The precipitation with which all this had to be abandoned did credit neither to France, nor to her troops, nor to the Generals who had conducted the retreat. The blame was laid on the Comte de Tessé, and among other things it was thought reprehensible that a man who had seen much service should not know that when one evacuates a fortress, one shuts all the gates other than the necessary egress.

The King of England was at Saint-Germain, receiving the respects of the whole of France ; the Ministers were the first to visit him. The Archbishop of Rheims, brother of M. de Louvois, who saw him coming from Mass, remarked in ironical tones : " There goes a very good man ; he has renounced three Kingdoms for a Mass : " a fine reflection in the mouth of an Archbishop. A sum of six hundred thousand francs was allotted

to the household of the King of England and throughout the first month he was served by the King's officers. Every day distinguished Englishmen were arriving from that Island : the King was pleased to raise two regiments, each consisting of two thousand men, and these he gave to the two children of the King of England.

Despite his unfortunate circumstances, His Britannic Majesty bravely continued to go hunting with Monseigneur, and he rode with as much zest as a young man of twenty who had no thought but to amuse himself. His affairs, nevertheless, were going very badly ; for the Prince of Orange had been received by the people of London with great acclamations : almost all the nobility was on his side. It was only a matter of finding the means to assemble a new Parliament ; for the King, having summoned a Parliament shortly before he left his Kingdom, had dissolved it again on his departure, and had flung the seals of the Kingdom into the sea. There was much laughter in France concerning the expedient which His Britannic Majesty had found ; it nevertheless did not fail to cause trouble in England on account of their laws. Truth to tell, the problem was soon solved. Here we learnt that arrangements were being made to elect the Prince of Orange to the sovereignty, although other means had been suggested : these, however, were displeasing to the Prince, who wanted to be King, whatever might befall. Ireland remained loyal to her

former King : only a small party of Irish Protestants rose against him, and was quickly put down by Tyrconnel, who was Viceroy of Ireland, and who had assembled a large Militia, mostly undisciplined, unarmed, and lacking in ammunition. It was, in fact, but an expression of goodwill. Tyrconnel begged the King to cross over to Ireland, assuring him that the journey would be greatly to his advantage. The King hesitated for some time ; and in the meanwhile a trustworthy man called Pointis, a ship's captain, was sent to him, to report upon the general state of affairs, and to receive more detailed instructions.

The more the French saw of the King of England, the less they pitied him for the loss of his Kingdom. This Prince was obsessed by the Jesuits. When he journeyed to Paris, his first act was to visit the Grand Jesuits ; he spoke with them for a long time, and caused them all to be presented to him. He ended the conversation saying that he belonged to their Society. This seemed to be in very bad taste. He then went to dine with M. de Lauzun. Almost every fortnight the court went to Marly for four or five days. It is, as everybody knows, a house between Saint-Germain and Versailles, greatly beloved by the King, where he goes on short visits, that he may be less importuned by the mob of courtiers. Thither went the King and Queen of England. At Trianon, another of the King's houses which he had built at one end of the canal, a little

Opera was being performed, anent the Dauphin's return. The Princesse de Conti,[1] Madame la Duchesse, and Madame de Blois [2] danced in it, and they were assuredly its chief embellishment; for the libretto was abominable, and the music very indifferent. His Majesty begged the King and Queen of England to come, and conferred this pleasure upon them.

Madame de Maintenon, the foundress of St. Cyr, ever occupied with schemes for amusing the King, frequently devises some novelty to be performed by all the little girls who are being educated in this convent: concerning which one can but say that it is an establishment worthy of so great a King and of so intelligent a woman as she who conceived and now directs it. But there are times when the best of institutions will degenerate; and this establishment, which, now that we are pious, is the abode of holiness and virtue, might very well one day, without looking too far ahead, become a haunt of debauchery and vice. For to think that three hundred young girls, who remain there till they are twenty years of age, and who have at their very gates a court full of dissolute men, especially when the King's authority is no longer exercised over it; to think, I repeat, that

[1] Marie Anne de Bourbon, daughter of Louis XIV. and Louise de la Vallière, and widow of Louis Armand, Prince de Conti.

[2] Both these ladies were daughters of the King by Madame de Montespan. The elder, Louise Françoise, was married to the Duc de Bourbon, afterwards Prince de Condé; the younger, Françoise Marie, subsequently married the Duc de Chartres.

young girls and young men could be at such close quarters, and not scale the walls, is scarcely reasonable. But to return to what I was saying : Madame de Maintenon, to amuse her little girls and the King, caused a play to be given, the author of which was Racine, the greatest poet of our times, who, unfortunately for him and for those who love the theatre, has been dragged away from his poetry, in which he was inimitable, to be transformed into a very imitable historian. Madame de Maintenon commanded the Poet to write a play, but bade him choose a pious subject : for at the moment, without piety there is no more hope of salvation at court than in the world to come. Racine chose the story of Esther and Ahasuerus, and wrote songs to be set to music. Since he is as good an actor as he is a writer, he himself rehearsed the little girls ; the music was good, and they had devised a very pretty theatre and scenery. All this composed a most agreeable little entertainment for the young girls of Madame de Maintenon : but since the price of things commonly depends upon the people who make them, or the people who have them made, Madame de Maintenon's exalted position had this effect, that all the people she took to the play declared they had never seen anything so charming ; that the play was superior to anything that had ever been done on these lines, and that the actresses, even those who had been transformed into actors, threw dust into the eyes of Mesdames Champmeslé

and Raisin, and of Messieurs Baron and Montfleury. Who could resist such praises? Madame de Maintenon was flattered as having devised and executed this play. It represented, in some sort, the downfall of Madame de Montespan and the elevation of Madame de Maintenon; the only difference being that Esther was a little younger, and less finicking in matters of piety. The fact that the character of Esther was attributed to her, and that of Vashti to Madame de Montespan, made her only too pleased to open to the public an entertainment which had been devised for the community alone and for one or two of her private friends. The King came back delighted, and His Majesty's applause augmented still further that of the public. At length an incredible degree of enthusiasm was reached; there was neither great nor small who did not wish to go, and what ought to have been regarded as a mere convent entertainment, became the most serious affair at court. The Ministers, by way of paying their court, left their most urgent business to go to the play. The King attended the first performance, taking none but his chief officers: those who accompany him when hunting. The second performance was confined to pious personages such as Père de la Chaise and a dozen to fifteen Jesuits, together with Madame de Miramion and many other devout persons, both male and female. Then the fashion spread among the courtiers. The King thought that this entertainment would

be to the taste of the King of England. He took him to it, and the Queen too. It is impossible not to praise the house of St. Cyr, nor the manner in which it is conducted, and their Majesties did not fail to do so, including the play in their eulogies. Every one still believed that this play was allegorical ; that Ahasuerus was the King ; that Vashti, his dethroned concubine, represented Madame de Montespan. Esther fell to the share of Madame de Maintenon ; Haman represented M. de Louvois, but this was an indifferent portrait, and apparently Racine had not intended it for him.

Between hunting, billiards and the play at St. Cyr, the King shared his innocent pleasures. He went to Marly every fortnight, and there played *Portique*, a game newly introduced, which requires no greater skill than pitch and toss. Still, the King was very keen on it. Monseigneur was a trifle more addicted to the pleasures of youth, for three or four times he attended a ball. In fact, he gave one himself. M. de la Feuillade gave another, of a magnificence that approached profusion. Monseigneur had made up a party with the Princesse de Conti to go to it ; but the King disapproved, saying that one could never go to such places without some disagreeable story getting about, and that women of good position should never go at all. The result was that the Princess, who loves to amuse herself, was deprived of this pleasure to her great regret.

At Versailles, too, there were balls. Monsieur gave his for the public. M. le Duc and the Prince de Conti gave theirs for Monseigneur. No remarkable incident occurred at it. The Comtesse du Roure was there. Monseigneur as a lover is so little dangerous that he was not even talked about. No one save Madame la Dauphine, who distrusts the power of his charms, believes there is anything more than sheep's-eyes in it. This poor Princess sees nothing but what is worst for herself, and takes no part in the amusements. She has very bad health and is of a melancholy disposition, and this, together with the scant consideration she receives, robs her of the happiness which any but this Princess of Bavaria would feel at having almost reached the highest position in the world.[1] It is Monseigneur's pleasure at a ball to change his clothes frequently, for the mere joy of being unrecognized, and of talking to unimportant people. The court balls were so melancholy that they did not begin till almost midnight, and they were always over before two o'clock.

The Princesse de Conti never remained masked for long. For she has eyes that give away her identity to every one ; and these eyes, however lovely, though they might give her the pleasure of hearing them admired, kept off those persons

[1] She was the daughter of Ferdinand Maria, Elector of Bavaria, and had been married to the Dauphin in 1670, on the understanding that, in the event of the Emperor's death, her father would make every effort to get Louis XIV elected to the Imperial throne.

who would have amused her, but who feared there would be trouble with the King next day. So this poor Princess took small pleasure in masked balls, Monseigneur being assuredly the one who was most devoted to them, for he cared for no other form of amusement.

But these pleasures were not so absorbing as to prevent great attention being paid to the progress of the war. About this time, the Duke of Bavaria appeared on the Rhine, just when he was least expected, to reconnoitre to some extent the country in which he would have to wage war the following summer, and to show himself to his troops. He came, causing a few rounds of cannon to be fired at all the fortresses we held, and advanced with a large number of squadrons within reach of Heidelberg. He withdrew as soon as he had showed himself, and left an intrenched post within quarter of a league of the town ; but it did not remain there long, for Melac, an old cavalry officer, made an attack upon it with cavalry, dragoons, and grenadiers mounted behind them. They charged with great vigour into the intrenchment, and killed a large number of the enemy. It was quite a fine exploit.

About this time Marshal de Lorges left to take up the command in Guienne, and Marshal d'Estrées that of the Breton coast. Troops were marched in both these directions, for it was greatly feared that the English, allied with the Dutch, would make attacks. They were certain

to do so, as long as the affairs of England went to the satisfaction of the Prince of Orange.

During the last days of the Carnival, when the fine weather was beginning, the King wanted to show his garden and all his fountains to the King of England before the departure of this Prince ; for his voyage to Ireland was practically settled. Already the officers had been chosen who were to cross with him, and since well-organized charity begins at home, those selected were of a very mediocre intelligence. A number of old officers were recalled from their posts, it being thought that age might have diminished their courage and strength ; and these were replaced by younger ones, in case the fortresses should be attacked, and for the most part they were supplied with all that was necessary. Calais was among those for which the greatest fears were entertained. The work was carried on there with great vigour, and two or three commanders were appointed to succeed each other, in case anything should happen. It seemed indeed that all the world was waiting with great impatience to learn its destiny.

The chief cause of impatience, however, was the question of pensions, which were not being paid at all. Yet most of the officers had no other money that was sure and certain. They were therefore apprehensive concerning the renewal of hostilities, which at first they had inordinately longed for ; for if, after ten years, or thereabouts, of peace, when the King had enjoyed so large a

revenue, there was not a copper left in his treasury, it seemed certain that two years of war would reduce his finances to such disorder that he would have to fall back on the property of his people. To find money, the King began by creating two Offices, those of the *Trésoriers de l'Epargne*. He compelled Frémont and Brunet, the two financiers whose affairs were in the most flourishing state, to take these offices. It was a most reasonable arrangement, and cost them each seven hundred thousand *livres*. Then he created six new offices for Masters of Requests,[1] and these were sold at two hundred thousand francs apiece. Contractors were sought for, from whom a good deal of money was procured. M. de Bétan was one of those who were most in demand, and he paid four hundred thousand francs. The Towns gave large presents to the King : Toulouse made a beginning, giving him one hundred thousand crowns : Paris quickly followed its example, giving him four hundred thousand francs ; then Rouen likewise gave a hundred thousand crowns. The King received those who brought him word of the gifts with a kindness and gentleness that quite repaid them for their money.

Already some time ago Marshal de Duras had been warned that he ought to be thinking of setting out. The enemy was making a great stir on the Rhine. Reinforcements were arriving every day, and here at court there was great

[1] Members of the Council to whom petitions were entrusted.

apprehension lest peace should be made between Empire and Turk, and all our efforts in that direction should come to nothing. The Marshal did not waste his opportunity : he held the most important office in the State ; never had such vital matters depended on M. le Prince[1] or M. de Turenne, as now depended on him. Moreover, he ardently desired to establish his family before his death, since otherwise his son would remain a nobleman of but indifferent position, with an income of fifteen thousand *livres* at the most. Mademoiselle de la Marck,[2] who was the most eligible lady in France, was already old for a maid, being thirty years and more ; but the cause of it was her mother's changeable nature. She had received plenty of advantageous proposals, among others that of the Duc d' Estrées, to whom she had nearly been married the year before. Nothing could have been more suitable ; yet it was suddenly broken off. Quite recently her marriage had almost been concluded with the Comte de Brionne, eldest son of M. le Grand, who, on account of his birth as well as his father's appointments, was considered the best match in France. Negotiations had so far advanced that both parties announced the matter as settled ; but it was broken off, and with a good deal of acrimony

[1] "Le Grand Condé." He had died in 1686. Turenne had been killed in 1675.

[2] Louise Madeleine de la Boulaye Eschallard, daughter and heiress of the Comte de la Marck.

on both sides. It was then proposed to M. de Duras to marry Mademoiselle de la Marck to his son, if he could get his Duchy passed by the Parlement. He availed himself of the conjuncture, obtaining the Duchy from the King on account of the marriage, and the lady on account of the Duchy. Thus, despite the disproportion in their ages, for the son of M. de Duras was only seventeen, the marriage was concluded, to the great satisfaction of the Marshal, who saw his son so well-established, and to that of the lady, married at last, and having for her husband so handsome a youth as little Duras. For of all the young men, he was the handsomest and the best proportioned.

Towards the end of the Carnival (there were but three days of it left, which were appointed to be spent in ceremony ; that is to say, on one day a big supper in the King's apartments, and on Shrove Tuesday a large masked ball in the Great Apartments) news reached us of the death of the Queen of Spain, Monsieur's daughter.[1] All the court was deeply grieved, and the event cut short the serious pleasures that I have just mentioned. The tidings came late in the evening. M. de Louvois, who is always better informed on all subjects than M. de Croissy, although the latter has charge of the foreign affairs, came to tell the King a full half-hour before M. de Croissy had received his courier. The King preferred to

[1] By his first wife, Henrietta of England.

say nothing to Monsieur that evening, and he mentioned it to no one, but announced it next morning at his levee ; and when he was dressed, he went to Monsieur's rooms, had him awakened, and imparted to him this tragic news. Monsieur's affliction was as deep as he is capable of feeling. At first, in fact, he gave way to transports of grief, but in four or five days he had quite calmed down. Monsieur had been fond of her, of course, but he was chiefly flattered to have a Queen for his daughter, and the Queen of so great a kingdom as Spain. In truth, the manner of her death added somewhat to his affliction, for she died of poison. She had always suspected it would happen, and had told Monsieur so, every time she wrote to him. In fact, he had sent her an antidote, which arrived the day after her death. The King of Spain[1] ardently loved the Queen ; but she had kept an affection for her own country too deep for so intelligent a person. The Spanish Council, seeing the influence she had over her husband, and knowing that, if she did not bring him over to the side of France, she would at least prevent him joining our adversaries : this Council, I repeat, unwilling to suffer her ascendancy, forestalled by the use of poison the alliance that seemed to be impending. The Queen was poisoned, so far as one can tell, by a cup of chocolate. When they came to tell the Ambassador that she was ill, he straightway went over

[1] Carlos II.

to the Palace ; but they told him it was not customary for Ambassadors to see the Queen in bed ; so he was forced to retire, and the following day they sent to fetch him when Her Majesty's strength was already failing. The Queen begged the Ambassador to assure Monsieur that in dying she had thought of no one but him ; again and again she repeated that she was dying a natural death, but the pains she was at to do so served to increase suspicion rather than to diminish it. At the time of her demise she was six months older than the late Madame, her mother, had been, who died the same death and whose fortunes had not been dissimilar. In her will, this Princess left to the King her husband all that she could possibly leave him ; to her sister, the Duchess of Savoy, she left her jewels, including one set that was complete in every respect ; to M. de Chartres and to Mademoiselle, she left what she had brought from France.

At the time of the Queen of Spain's death, it was said that an exchange of important fortresses (between France and Spain) was about to take place : those which were necessary to us in Flanders being exchanged for others in Catalonia. This was not to be a permanent arrangement, but simply a pledge of good faith between the two Kings. It was all overthrown by the death of the Queen. Orders were sent to the Ambassador to withdraw as soon as he possibly could.

The King of England, in the meanwhile, was

preparing for his departure to Ireland. Tyrconnel, who was his Viceroy, sent him word that he thought the King's presence there was a necessity. This was vigorously debated in the Council. At length they decided that His Britannic Majesty ought to set out at once. So he sent the Duke of Berwick, one of his natural children, with as many English, Scotch and Irish as were here, to Brest, where they were to embark. Thither were also sent the General Officers, who had been appointed to serve with him. M. de Lauzun wanted to go with the King of England, but only under advantageous conditions. The Ministers would not have been sorry to see the last of him, for they still feared the regard in which the King had held him : they were strongly of the opinion, therefore, that he should follow the King of England. But when the time for his departure came, he asked to be made a Duke, and first submitted the proposal to M. de Seignelay, that he might suggest it to the King. M. de Seignelay bade him think well what he was doing. The King received the suggestion very badly, and when Lauzun spoke to him, His Majesty made a very disagreeable reply. Lauzun excused himself, saying that the King of England had bade him do it, and he warned the King and Queen of England, so that they might tell the same story to the King ; nor did either of them fail to do so. Thus thwarted, M. de Lauzun had no further wish to go to Ireland, and discovered that it

would be inconvenient for him to undertake this voyage. Rosen was therefore appointed to serve in the rank of Lieutenant-General. The other officers sent were Maumont, Captain of the Guards, as Major-General ; Pusignan, Colonel of the Regiment of Languedoc, as Infantry Brigadier ; Léry-Girardin, as Cavalry Brigadier ; and Boisseleau, Captain of the Guards, as Major-General. They were all very good fellows, but the most indifferent officers in the King's army. Rosen, who is a German, was the only one of them in whom one could place much confidence to carry through an important matter. With these were sent a hundred captains and a hundred lieutenants, from regiments not intended to serve in the field, and two hundred cadets. It was, therefore, by no means a negligible force, and should serve in a very short time to discipline the native troops. Meanwhile, the King of England's equipment was being prepared. The King caused everything that was necessary to be made ready for him, and this in profusion : furniture, saddles, horse-cloths ; in brief, everything imaginable. The King even gave him his cuirass.

The King of England wished, before his departure, to bestow upon M. de Lauzun some mark of his gratitude. His Britannic Majesty came to Paris to worship at Notre-Dame, and there conferred upon M. de Lauzun the Order of the Garter, at the same time fastening to the blue ribbon a medal of St George, enriched with

diamonds, which the King of England who was beheaded had given to his son, the late King, when he bade him good-bye. The diamonds were of a considerable value. There are but twenty-five members of this Order, and only one place was vacant : that of the Elector of Brandenbourg. The King bestowed it here upon M. de Lauzun ; and the Prince of Orange bestowed it in England upon M. de Schomberg, adding a pension of twenty thousand crowns, with the office of Grand Master of all the artillery in the Kingdom. He dispensed many other favours among those who had followed him.

The King of England, having conferred the Order on M. de Lauzun, went home to dinner, in company with the Papal Nuncio, who resided at his court, the Archbishop of Paris and various other people. His friends the Jesuits came to bid him farewell. Then he went to visit some English nuns, where he touched for the king's evil, which he only claims to cure in his quality of King of France. Next he went to see Mademoiselle at the Luxembourg, for she was keeping away from court, being ill-content with the King, on account of M. de Lauzun. Her excuse was the death of Madame de la Vieuville, who had succumbed to the smallpox in her house, in the town of Versailles. The fact was that she fell ill of it in the Castle after leaving Mademoiselle. The King of England also went to see the Daughters of the Visitation, at Chaillot, who had

been among his friends since he came to France, because the Queen of England,[1] his mother, had been wont to make lengthy sojourns with them. Then he went back to Saint-Cloud, to condole with Monsieur on the death of the Queen his daughter, and to see Saint-Cloud, which he had never seen, and thence to Versailles, to bid adieu to the King ; and so he returned to Saint-Germain, where he was ordinarily in residence. The next day, the King went to Saint-Germain, also to bid him adieu. Their leave-taking was most affectionate. The King told the King of England that the best he could wish for him was never to see him again. He appointed M. d'Avaux to his suite as Ambassador, and commanded the Comte de Mailly, who had married a niece of Madame de Maintenon, to accompany him to Brest, where he was to embark. The Queen of England remained with the Prince of Wales, her son, at Saint-Germain, and begged that no one should go to pay court to her save on Mondays, for she thought it unseemly to appear much in public at a time when, in all probability, her husband would be exposed to great danger.

The King of England went in his carriage to Brest ; but the carriage broke down at Orleans, and the superstitious saw in this an evil omen. Another disaster befell his equipment, which was already on board, for one of the boats was dashed to pieces against an arch of the Bridge of Cé,

[1] Henrietta Maria, widow of Charles I, when in exile.

and one of his valets, named la Bastie, an old and faithful servant, was drowned. In his place the King took a valet from Mailly. His Britannic Majesty arrived without further accident at Brest. There he found a squadron of thirteen ships ready to transport him ; but the weather was so bad that they had to delay a fairly long time at Brest. The wind having changed at length, the King embarked ; but no sooner had he done so than it veered again, to such an extent that they had to put back into harbour. As they were returning, another vessel, leaving the harbour with all its sail spread, collided with that of the King of England, and this Prince ran a grave risk, but was saved by the skill of his Captain, who on the spur of the moment performed an excellent manœuvre, and the King's ship escaped with only the bowsprit broken.

When the deep mourning for the Queen of Spain was over, play-going began again, and it was thought that the King's receptions[1] would be resumed. But the King curtailed these pleasures, saying that he was overwhelmed with business, and that the time at which the receptions had been held suited him best for his work, since he preferred to spend the daylight hours in hunting. So the courtiers had one occupation the less. At this time M. de Duras left with Chamlay for the banks of the Rhine, to make preparations for the campaign. There had been slight skirmishes from

[1] *Les appartements.*

time to time, between the troops of the King and those of the Germans, and more often than not they had gone against us. It was decided that we could no longer hold the fortresses in the country of Cologne, which were Nuits, Kaiserswerth, Linz and Rheinberg ; the King had need of his troops, and preferred not to expose them unless some advantage was to be gained from it. Moreover, these fortresses were so weak that their loss was certain.

The departure of the King of England for Ireland did not greatly raise His Majesty's hopes of seeing him restored to his throne. He had not been long in France before it was recognized what sort of person he was : to wit, a man obsessed by his religion, and in a remarkable measure devoted to the Jesuits. This, however, might not have been such a grave defect in the eyes of the court. But he was weak of character, and bore his misfortunes with apathy rather than with courage, albeit he was by nature extremely valorous and displayed that contempt for death which is so common to the English. Nevertheless, it was something that he should have taken this definite step. We were rid of him in France, and it seemed likely that the troops with which the Prince of Orange, by way of a diversion, had planned to attack our coasts, would now be sent to Ireland. So His Britannic Majesty was given a squadron of ten vessels, and at length arrived safely in Ireland, with a number of French officers,

and all the English and Irish who had joined him, or who had been living in France. The King (of France) sent them all by different routes, and at his own expense, to Brest, where they gathered in a shocking disorder. The King of England, who, as Duke of York, had been a sailor, was ill-content with the fleet, and sent word of it to the King, with the result that M. de Seignelay had the vapours.[1] Orders had been given to send to Brest everything that would be needed in Ireland ; these supplies were dispatched with promptitude and in great quantities, for M. de Louvois had taken a hand in it. Thither was sent everything needful for a tolerable force of Cavalry, as well as for arming the Infantry. The King of England's army brought great joy to Ireland, and raised the courage of the people ; for a long time past they had seen nothing of the kind, and had been as slaves to the English. The King guaranteed them their privileges, in fact he augmented them, and confiscated, for the benefit of the Catholics, the property that had been taken from them and given to great lords of the Anglican Religion. He made Tyrconnel a Duke, to repay him for the pains he had been at to keep this isle, and for his personal fidelity.

The death of the Queen of Spain had turned the whole court of the Catholic King against France. The passion of this Prince for his wife had prevented him declaring himself against us,

[1] He was the Minister of Marine.

despite the intrigues of the Emperor, who had, at the court of the Catholic King, the most able man of Germany. This was M. de Mansfeld, who had married Mademoiselle d'Aspremont, widow of the Duke of Lorraine ; and he now held the mastery over the Spanish Council. To the French Court it became evident what was to be expected from Spain, and we forestalled their intentions by declaring war on them. Rebenac, our Ambassador in Spain, was ordered to return forthwith, and all negotiations with that country were at an end.

The court was greatly occupied with the business of the war. There was very little money, where much was needed, and the Controller-General[1] was a man of scant ability, and little suited to his post. It was necessary for M. de Louvois, who had raised him to this office, to uphold him and even to do his work, though M. de Louvois had already so much business of his own that it was a marvel he did not succumb. Still, there was no going back ; we had to keep on, whatever might befall ; for the enemy was making terrific preparations. The destination of the various armies was planned ; there was to be one in Germany, commanded by M. de Duras ; one in Flanders, commanded by Marshal d'Humières ; one in Rousillon, commanded by M. de Noailles, Governor of the Province ; and one in the centre of France, to prevent the disturbances

[1] Claude de Pelletier.

that threatened us at the hands of members of the Reformed Religion : and also that it might be ready to move in any direction, should the enemy prove strong enough to invade our territory. As for the King, he remained at Versailles, that he might be in the middle of his Kingdom, and might the more easily send orders in every direction. Marshal de Lorges was sent to command in Guienne ; Marshal d'Estrées in the two bishoprics of St. Pol and Cornouailles in Brittany, where the enemy might most easily effect a landing ; M. de Chaulnes in the rest of Brittany, which was his own province ; M. de la Trousse in Poitou and the country of Aulnis, although Gacé, who was Governor of the province, was actually there : so to help the latter swallow the insult patiently, he was made a Major-General. The command in Normandy was left to the Lieutenant-Generals of the province, Beuvron and Matignon, persons of high rank and great probity, but a trifle incompetent in times of war. Beuvron was the brother of Madame d'Arpajon, whom Madame de Maintenon had created lady-in-waiting to the Dauphine. The Beuvrons were attached to the service of Madame de Maintenon ; this was enough for them to be spared any vexation, and it would not have been possible to favour one of them and treat another in a different manner. The Beuvron of whom I was speaking was brother-in-law to M. de Seignelay, and fulfilled his duties admirably when there was nothing

to do. To him they sent, as Major-General, la Hoguette, an officer of the Musketeers, upon whom all the business connected with the war devolved. They appointed Broglie, a Lieutenant-General, to command in Languedoc, for he was brother-in-law to the Intendant, a man of parts, highly esteemed at court. In Provence they left Grignan, King's Lieutenant in the province, who had always done well whatever there was to do. To the Dauphiné they sent Lassay, a Major-General, who came of a family of lawyers, but who, as an officer, had won an excellent reputation. To Béarn they sent the Duc de Grammont, but only as a figure-head, for they knew well enough he would have nothing to do. Such was the disposition of the various commands. A good many changes took place among the governors of single towns, for many of them were old, and the business in hand called for more active men than they could possibly be. M. de Vauban was sent on a tour around the Kingdom, to visit the fortresses on the coast, which were in a very bad state, since to attend to them had not been the business of M. de Louvois ; besides, so long as France and England had been on peaceful terms, no ill could have befallen us in that direction. Work, therefore, was begun on these fortifications with the greatest vigour. La Rochelle was in a short time restored to good condition ; Bordeaux was in process of reconstruction, and Brest, to all

appearances, made fit for a defence : though this last fortress is worthless by reason of its site, and nothing could render it strong. M. de Vauban ordered redoubts to be constructed along the coast, wherever a landing might possibly be made, and had palisades put up, after the manner of a cheval-de-frise,[1] along the seashore. He also posted a large number of cannon, to fire upon any ships that might venture to make an attack. In fine, by the month of May all the coast towns were in a state of defence. We declared war on the Prince of Orange and all the English who had supported him and who had contributed to the banishment of their rightful Prince ; troops were marched to all parts of the country where they were thought most necessary : France was swarming with them, from Béarn to Normandy.

At court everybody was preparing to depart. The Prince de Conti, not yet restored to the good graces of the King, had earnestly besought him, since the beginning of winter, for a Regiment. The Regiment was refused him. He then begged to be made a Brigadier, thinking thus to gain the Regiment, for by such means dependants are created. This request was also refused. At last he asked to go as a volunteer to the army in Germany. This could scarcely be denied him, and he made preparations to set out, in company with M. le Duc, who had also resigned himself to receiving no command : for his Infantry

[1] A spiked fence.

Regiment had been quartered at Bonn, and his cavalry too, and when he complained, they threw the blame on M. de Sourdis, saying that he had been told to send thither a regiment of *Dragoons*, which he had read as *Bourbon*. It seemed that the Regiment of Bourbon could not easily be withdrawn from Bonn, so M. le Duc was given letters patent to command the regiment of Condé. In the end, however, he got out of it, and served at the head of his own regiment. M. du Maine was also to serve in Germany, but was given no employment. His regiment was brought into Flanders ; but when the army took the field, he was granted a Brigade to command, while the Princes of the Blood had scarcely the bare permission to serve ; in fact it was much that they were spared the vexation of being in the same army.

Nothing of interest occurred at court about this time, save the combat between the Comte de Brionne and Hautefort St Chamans,[1] an Exempt of the Body-guard, an honest lad, who was well-liked by every one. He had, in the household of the Princesse de Conti, the King's daughter, a sister who was very ugly. She was, nevertheless, loved by the Comte de Brionne, and this passion lasted for some considerable time. They quarrelled more than once, and made it up again, as happens in all love-affairs. At last the lady, led astray by the example of the Comtesse de Soissons,

[1] Jacques François de Hautefort, Marquis de Saint-Chamans.

like many another who thought that to be loved was to be wedded, spoke of marriage. It seems that this came to the ears of the Comte de Brionne, and he made fun of her. The brother, on leaving Monseigneur's *couchée*, challenged him. They went to the edge of a pond near the Hôtel de Soissons, a place that was little frequented, particularly at this hour, and there they fought. Hautefort was the first to be wounded ; but he gave the Comte de Brionne a sword-thrust in the thigh, and left his sword in it. His wound did not prevent Hautefort from appearing again that evening, but next day it all leaked out : the Grand-Provost made inquiries. Hautefort withdrew, and his career was ruined ; but things were managed so well that it was not reputed to be a duel. The Parlement got wind of it, and they were both put in prison : the Comte de Brionne in the Bastille and the other in the Conciergerie. The lady went from the Castle, where she resided, to the Hôtel de Conti, and remained there for three weeks to a month without appearing in public. She reappeared at last, and wished to behave as if nothing had happened. She was told to withdraw, so she retired to Port-Royal.

At this time considerable reinforcements were sent to Ireland. A squadron of twenty-two or twenty-three ships, commanded by the Comte de Châteauregnault, left Brest together with a number of cargo-boats, all laden with as many necessities for an army as could be assembled in three or

four months. The Prince of Orange had also launched a fleet, inferior by two or three ships to that of the King. This fleet was commanded by Herbert, whose reputation and ability were greatly superior to those of M. de Châteauregnault. The latter wished to disembark at Kinsale, a small Irish port where the King of England had landed on his arrival in the isle ; but he learnt that the enemy was posted within reach of it. A council of war was held ; it declared that to disembark in sight of the enemy was far too great a risk, and elected to go in search of another port in the west of Ireland. A suitable port was found, and the debarkation begun with all possible speed, in Bantry Bay. When there were but two fire-ships left to unload, the enemy appeared. M. de Châteauregnault got under way to meet them, and a great cannonade took place, but the fleets drew no closer together. At last the enemy ran for the offing, and that is what is called a victory. Herbert was wounded, and the enemy confessed that we could, had we been so minded, have put their fleet out of action, and taken some ships from them, albeit the English have much better sailors than we. M. de Châteauregnault was content to have unloaded his ships without misfortune, and to have before his eyes the idea, or image, of a battle won. So, with a good wind blowing, he returned light-heartedly to Brest, having lost but few men. Only one of his ships was disabled, that which Coëtlogon commanded, its poop and

gallery having been blown away. When the Comte de Châteauregnault had landed, he sent his nephew to court. At first there were great rejoicings, but two or three days later, when all the general officers and the most intelligent of the private individuals had sent in their accounts of the affair, this satisfaction came to an abrupt end. Each blamed the other that the enemy had not suffered a more serious defeat ; and all were reprimanded from court.

In the ports, meanwhile, active preparations were being made to put a great fleet to sea ; work was also going on at Toulon, where, by all accounts, twenty-two ships were to be launched in the Mediterranean. At Brest and at Rochefort more than forty were being prepared : courier after courier was dispatched to Brest to hasten matters, yet the preparations advanced extraordinarily slowly. M. de Seignelay sent Bonrepos, his chief minister ; everything was found to be lacking.

Despite all this, however, M. de Duras had some time ago received orders to set out for Germany, since the troops of the Emperor and those of the Elector of Bavaria had marched towards the Rhine. They had already seized the fortified places that the King's troops had abandoned on the further side, and were beginning to intrench themselves on an island in the Rhine, between Philisbourg and Fort-Louis, so that communications between these fortresses were cut off.

They would greatly have inconvenienced us, had they succeeded in establishing themselves. They had also taken up an important post within reach of this, namely, at Hausen, which the Prince Eugene of Savoy held with a large force. The rest of their troops were spread through Würtemberg, and through the small State of M. de Bade-Dourlac,[1] as far as Hüningen. There was, indeed, great apprehension lest they should attack this fortress, which is in close proximity to the Swiss, of whose friendship we were as yet none too sure. The hostile party in Switzerland was very strong, for religion had turned all the Protestant Cantons against us. The Papal Nuncio was seeking to persuade the Catholics that this was no affair of religion, and was using all possible means to stir them up against us. Moreover, we had often betrayed their good faith. Everything, in brief, was conspiring to render them hostile, and although the levies had been made during the winter, as we wanted, we were by no means sure of their good-will. Tambonneau, who had been our Ambassador there, had already been recalled some time before because he did plenty of talking and not much else. In his place had been sent M. Amelot, who was not a consummate diplomat. He was, however, more balanced and reserved by nature, and consequently better suited to the character and humour of the Swiss. Soon after he arrived, he sent the Treaty, ratified and sealed by all the

[1] Frederick VII, Margrave of Baden Durlach.

Cantons. If the Swiss, too, had been numbered among our enemies, resistance would have been very difficult, for this is our least fortified frontier. Besides the Swiss, we had, of the whole of Europe, only Denmark on our side; and the distance between France and Denmark is too great for us to be of much use to one another. All Denmark's neighbours were leagued against her, both because she was allied to France, and because she had seized the estates of the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, by the right of her own good greed. Yet even this one and only ally we were in danger of losing. For the interests of the King of Denmark's brother, the Prince George, who should naturally succeed the Prince of Orange, since he had married the King of England's second daughter[1] and the Prince of Orange was childless, might at any moment detach Denmark from the alliance it had made with the King of France.

The scheme for the campaign was very wisely drawn up. The Ministers did not for a moment suppose that so many different Princes could long remain in harmony. Most of the German Princes are very poor, and can only live, when they have armies to support, by taking up winter quarters in enemy countries, or in each other's territory. The King was certain that, if he took no risks, the enemy would not be able to seek quarters in his country. In Germany there were the lands of the Princes of the Church, which commonly

[1] Anne.

furnished subsistence for the Protestant Princes. The chief part of the three Electorates was in our hands ; the King had Mayence, and all its small dependent towns on this side of the Rhine ; the country of Treves was, to say the least of it, divided : for Mont-Royal on one side and Bonn on the other put a large stretch of country at our disposal. It was true that the enemy held Coblentz which we had failed to acquire the previous year. As for Cologne, we had the mastery over the Elector's four fortresses, which were Bonn, Rheinberg, Nuits and Kaiserswerth. We had abandoned Nuits at the beginning of the winter ; and it was during this retreat that the enemy fell upon the garrison, and that M. de Sourdis, who held the command in this country, left it to its fate, and fled. Kaiserswerth remained under the command of Marcognet. It was a very poor fortress, and the French garrison was withdrawn from it, to admit a German one. M. de Fürstemberg had put a German commander into Rheinberg, a servant of the late Elector of Cologne, in whom he had great confidence ; but the German betrayed him, and before the campaign opened swore his allegiance to the Prince Clement, the former rival of M. de Fürstemberg for the Electorate of Cologne, who had been supported by the Bulls of the Holy Father. In Bonn we had eight regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and one of dragoons. Asfeld was in command, and he had been given some good subalterns.

Mayence was plentifully garrisoned, and the Marquis d'Huxelles was in command. M. d'Huxelles was the infantry officer of the moment, and a creature of M. de Louvois. It was said that he had been given four hundred thousand pounds of powder, and the twelve best battalions in France ; the regiment of bombardiers, the company of miners, a regiment of cavalry, and one of dragoons. M. de Choisy, an able engineer, who had defended Maastricht under M. de Calvo, was sent to be second in command, with three or four more of the best officers, in case a misfortune should befall the chief ones. The fortress was not perfect, but a great deal of work had been done on it during the winter, and it was in fairly good repair. The Mont-Royal, another fortress for which some apprehension was felt, all the more since it was as yet incomplete, was similarly provided for, and M. de Montal set in command. Philisbourg and Landau were furnished in the same manner. In addition to this, the King had a large number of troops scattered through the Palatinate, a country which he had sworn completely to destroy, because it was too close to Alsace, and because the person most to blame for the war was the Elector Palatine.[1] Although at that time he was called the Germanic Nestor, the Elector's prudence must have been very benumbed when he irritated the King to the extent that he had done. He should have realized that

[1] Philip William of Neuburg.

he was too small a Prince, and too close to the culverins of France, not to veer with the wind. All the fortresses of the Palatinate were supplied with the King's troops, and during the winter we had drawn as much money as we could from the country. To abandon these fortresses and leave them standing would have been virtually to bring the King's enemies into his lands. A start was made by evacuating the furthest, which was Heidelberg, the capital of the Palatinate. Half the castle was blown up, though it had been a building of noble aspect, and merited a certain regard. Half the town was burnt down, with a violence that in a less revengeful war would not have been permitted. Then we evacuated Mannheim, demolishing the town and citadel so that not a house was left standing ; even the ruins were thrown into the Rhine or the Neckar. We burnt down Worms, a little republic on the Rhine. The same was done to Spires, a town belonging to the Elector of Treves in his quality of Bishop of Spires, because it also was thought to be too near Alsace. As for Frankendal, only its fortifications were destroyed ; for since we held Mayence, it would have been difficult for our enemies to gain the mastery of it. In the same manner were treated a number of small and paltry castles, which the King's troops had occupied during the winter, and which might serve as strongholds for the enemy. M. de Duras established himself at Strasbourg, to await the beginning

of the campaign. The Germans never get to work early ; but we could not in any way forestall them ; we had to wait and see to what they would apply themselves. Two fortresses were not yet complete, namely, Belfort and Landau. Work was being carried on against time ; so the troops, and especially the infantry, had to be left as long as possible in the fortified places. As regards the cavalry, it was not advisable to put it under canvas too soon, since much of it was new, and it had been necessary to put a number of newly-formed companies even into the older units ; so all our troops remained in the fortresses, or in their winter quarters, until the Germans began to appear from the direction of Flanders. Marshal d'Humières, who was at Lille, had orders to go to Philippeville, that he might get the army into the field in plenty of time. He was commanded to assemble it near Maubeuge, which he did at the beginning of May before our enemies had begun to think of collecting their forces. He regained possession of one or two castles that the enemy had seized during the winter, and demolished them. He received the same order as all the Generals in France, which was not to fight. M. de Waldeck, informed of this order, assembled his troops very feebly, and gave Marshal d'Humières some excellent chances to defeat him. His very lack of precaution was due either to stupidity or insolence. But the Marshal, blindly following his orders, threw away these opportunities.

The first exploit took place in Catalonia, where M. de Noailles, who commanded an army composed of two old infantry regiments, some newly-formed cavalry and dragoons, and for the rest made up with militia of the province, seized Campredon, a paltry village, and a tower that was some two leagues distant from it. Since this was his first exploit, he sent a courier to bring the news to court, and this victory was discussed as though it had been a matter of some importance. Yet the stronghold in itself was a very poor one ; there had been few men to defend it, and no army to come to their help, since the Spaniards had proved too weak to assemble two thousand men all told in their country.

We in France continued to hope that the overweening character of the Prince of Orange would prove unbearable to the English ; and since we are always too ready to deceive ourselves, we did not doubt but that a very short time would see a revolt in England. Yet the Prince of Orange had been crowned King of England amidst the greatest acclamations. The Scottish Convention also sent him the crown, though the King still had a very strong party of adherents in the north of Scotland. The Prince of Orange had assembled a Parliament, which had granted him in the main everything he had asked of it ; that is to say, money to pay the Dutch troops, and to repay the loans that Holland had made him for his enterprise ; also money for his own

subsistence, and the means to raise money to make war on France. All this had been done with an astounding tranquillity. London, unused to quartering troops, was filled with them, and dared not breathe a word ; and in two months the Prince of Orange had become more the master of England than any other King had been. The English, who had driven out their King on the pretext of defending and protecting their religion, now saw it utterly changed ; for the Prince of Orange, while seeming to conciliate both religions, that is to say, the Anglican and his own, the so-called Reformed Religion, put the control entirely into the hands of ministers of the latter, publicly professing his own Calvinism, while all the English applauded him.

The Prince of Orange was taking great pains with the armaments of the English fleet, that he might unite it with that of the Dutch. It did not enter their heads in those countries that, after all the money our King had spent, he would be able to raise a fleet big enough to oppose them ; so they counted on having the entire mastery of the seas. In the single combats which had taken place between individual ships, the French had almost always had the upper hand, and we had taken more ships from the enemy than they had taken from us. They did not expect that we would quite abandon the Mediterranean, leaving it to be guarded by galleys alone. They knew that we were at war with the corsairs of Algeria,

and reckoned that this war would suffice to occupy a fairly considerable number of our ships. We were, however, negotiating for peace, but still in that high-handed manner to which we have now for so long been accustomed. Though we could see naught but enemies around us, we wished the Algerians to be satisfied with a truce, for a number of their men were slaves in our galleys, and served us well, and in a truce we should not have to return them. But the Algerians would not consent.

So the Prince of Orange reckoned that our fleet would offer no obstacle to his plans, and hence he regarded the Irish affair as a matter of no importance. Those who, at the start, had upheld him in that country, had been defeated ; and they had all taken refuge in a stronghold comparatively well fortified for such a province as Ireland, where there were no fortresses. The English had built it to protect their trade with Ireland ; it was called *Derry ;* and since the merchants of London had built it, they had added *London*, so that it became *Londonderry*. All the partisans of the Prince of Orange had fled thither, and gave the command into the hands of an Englishman who had been a minister. The King of England gave orders for it to be invested, without, however, leaving Dublin. His Britannic Majesty had two French infantry officers, whom the King had appointed to go with him : Maumont, Captain of the Guards and Major-General, and Pusignan, a Colonel in the Infantry and a

Brigadier. They had both been serving for a long time, but were nevertheless among the officers of mediocre ability ; yet they might pass for good ones in Ireland, where there were none better. The troops they commanded were utterly undisciplined, and those in Londonderry were just as bad ; but the contempt with which the English habitually regard the Irish nation gave them an air of superiority. Maumont was killed while going to reconnoitre the fortress ; and the other, only a few days later, seeing the disorderly sortie that the enemy was making, thought he had but to attack them with his handful of troops. He did not observe that they had constructed an ambuscade. He was intercepted, and there perished with many of his men. There was therefore no officer left to undertake the siege ; for Rosen, the most capable person the King had sent to Ireland, was a German, and an excellent cavalry officer ; but never in his life had he known anything about infantry. So the King was forced to content himself with blockading Londonderry, in the hope that it would be obliged to surrender, for the large number of people who had taken refuge there could not subsist for long, and it was relied upon that no help would reach them. The King's people took two little forts that guarded the river, by which help might have come to Londonderry ; then they caused a stockade to be built, that no ships might pass by night :

and what artillery they had, they employed to defend it.

Every day fictitious news was reaching us from that country. After the combat of Bantry Bay some English ships detached themselves from the fleet. Rumour declared at first that they had gone to surrender to the King ; but it turned out that they had gone to the relief of Londonderry. At first their efforts were vain ; but they subsequently found means to break down the stockade, and to bring considerable assistance to the town, with the result that the blockade was raised and that all idea of besieging this fortress was abandoned. Some of the rebels, indeed, seized another little stronghold in a bog ; thither the King of England sent Hamilton, Lieutenant-General of his armies, who had for a long time been an infantry Colonel in France. He had been banished from court because he had fallen in love with the Princesse de Conti, the King's daughter, and because it had seemed that she greatly preferred his company to that of anyone else. Hamilton crushed these rebels, of which there were but a very small number.

The Queen of England, meanwhile, remained at Saint-Germain in an appalling state of melancholy and depression. Her tears never ceased to flow. The King, who has a kind heart, and is extraordinarily considerate, especially for women, was touched by the misfortunes of this Princess, and did everything he could think of to ameliorate

her lot. He gave her presents; and since she was as pious as she was unfortunate, these presents were suited to her piety. He treated her with all the courtesy she deserved, sending for her to come to Trianon or Marly, to the festivities he gave there. In brief, so agreeable and engaging was his behaviour towards her, that the world judged him to be enamoured of this Queen. It seemed indeed quite probable. Those who could only observe the matter from a distance declared that Madame de Maintenon, although she passed for nothing but a friend, regarded the King's behaviour towards the Queen of England with prodigious anxiety. And not without reason: for there is no mistress who cannot quickly confound a female friend. However, the rumour of this amour was but the result of the public's chatter, founded upon the civility with which the King could not help treating a lady whose merit, quite independently of her rank, was so openly avowed as was that of the Queen of England.

M. de Lauzun was the only Frenchman of importance who had taken part in this English affair: for the reason that he had been the only one in England. His Britannic Majesty, nevertheless, believed himself to be under a great obligation to M. de Lauzun, and when he departed, left him fully in the confidence of the Queen. Properly speaking, M. de Lauzun was the English Minister in France. He had never been liked by M. de Louvois, but he did all he

could to enter the good graces of Madame de Maintenon. He knew well that there were but these two ways of approaching the King, and it may be that he reckoned Madame de Maintenon the more certain. He gathered, as did every one, that Madame de Maintenon did not regard M. de Louvois as her friend : on the contrary she saw in him but a useful minister to the King, a minister who was on the best of terms with his master, without any help from her, and who had been in his master's confidence before her. M. de Seignelay, however, she regarded as a creature of her own ; though she was not directly related to him, she was through his sisters, Madame de Beauvilliers and Madame de Chevreuse. M. de Lauzun, therefore, thought it would be a great stroke for him, and one that would please Madame de Maintenon, to take the Irish affair out of the hands of M. de Louvois and give it to M. de Seignelay. He so successfully persuaded the Queen of England that it was done, in all probability to the great satisfaction of M. de Louvois, who could not be burdened with everything.

His health was not as robust as it seemed ; he never remained for long without attacks of fever, and knew not what it was to spare himself in times such as these. M. de Seignelay had charge of the Marine, and it seemed likely that, since all the passages to Ireland were in his hands, the King of England would thus be better served. Yet it was only during the control of M. de

Louvois, which in truth was a very brief one, that the necessities for this enterprise were assembled in vast profusion. So thorough was he that the supplies had not all been able to cross with the King of England, nor even with the fleet that followed him : a considerable quantity still remained at Brest.

For a long time now the Dauphine had been ailing, and hardly saw a soul. No one could make out what was the matter with her ; but she suffered from a swelling, and was growing very thin. The doctors were doing her no good at all. At the end of the winter she had put herself into the hands of a woman who at first had given her some relief, and who had actually brought the swelling down ; but it soon returned, and she submitted herself once more to the doctors. They at last avowed their ignorance. Madame la Dauphine wished to try some quacks : she consulted a large number. At length she begged the King's permission to put herself in the hands of a Norman priest, with whom Marshal de Bellefonds was quite obsessed, and who declared himself to be a man of many secrets. His first profession, while he was at the College of Navarre, had been teaching linnets to whistle. One of his friends, an alchemist by profession, on dying had left this priest all his secrets, and he had made use of them with great success. Thus his reputation was established ; he was then in Normandy, near the house of the Marshal, a man

who is very easily persuaded. The Marshal extolled him, and at length procured him a great reputation for skill, which he did not in the least deserve. This was the man to whom the Dauphine turned. She improved a little at first, but soon was as bad as ever. Few people bothered themselves about this Princess, for she contributed neither to the fortunes of the courtiers nor to the pleasures of the court. For some considerable time M. de la Tremouille had publicly danced attendance on her. In truth, he had a well-turned figure; but his ugliness was shocking, and, one may say, quite uncommon. He was accused of having a character to match. Every one was so used to his ogling her that they did not pay it the least attention; and to do the Dauphine the injury of believing that she loved him never entered their heads. Yet some at last dared to think it. The Dauphine spoke to him more frequently than to anyone else, because he more frequently presented himself to her notice. We could not discover whether M. de la Tremouille had taken the liberty of declaring his passion more plainly than by his oglings; at last, however, the Dauphine sent him word by d'Arpajon, her lady-in-waiting, that he must no longer present himself before her.

The matter would have remained between the three of them, and perhaps Monseigneur, to whom the Dauphine might have mentioned it, had not M. de la Tremouille taken it into his head

to carry his grievance to the King, who made answer that Madame la Dauphine was wise, and that she had her reasons for this prohibition, that, in fact, her mistake had been in not pronouncing it sooner.

About this time another rather lively scene took place, concerning Madame la Duchesse.[1] She was one of the youngest and most giddy of the ladies, and gathered around her all the young women at court, at the head of whom stood Madame de Valentinois, daughter of M. d'Armagnac, and a greater flirt herself than all the women of the Kingdom put together.

Since before the winter a great intrigue had been going on. M. de Marsan,[2] of whom Madame la Duchesse had made fun whilst he was in love with the younger Grammont, had taken it into his head to ogle Madame la Duchesse, in order, it was said, to be avenged on her and to sacrifice her to his mistress. Madame la Duchesse responded. M. de Marsan wrote to her ; Madame la Duchesse replied. This manner of vengeance, involving a person as charming and exalted as Madame la Duchesse, recoils most frequently upon the mistress. I think indeed that it had happened so ; for the two best friends of M. de Marsan, Cominges and Mailly, were each in love with one of the Duchess's maids of honour : the first with

[1] The Duchesse de Bourbon.

[2] Charles de Lorraine, Comte de Marsan, brother of the Chevalier de Lorraine and the Comte d'Armagnac.

one Mademoiselle de Dorée, who for a long time had been in the habit of making love, and had made it with the Prince d'Harcourt, before entering the household of Madame la Duchesse ; and the other with a certain Mademoiselle de la Roche-Aynard. Both ladies were favourites of Madame la Duchesse, and helped to foster this intimacy. It was discovered. M. le Prince[1] complained to the King. The King replied that he might do as he wished, and refused to concern himself any more with the goings-on of the Duchess. She was heartily scolded. The King would not speak to her, but told Madame de Maintenon to do so. So Madame de Maintenon spoke to Madame la Duchesse, who began to laugh in her face, and said she had only written to make a fool of M. de Marsan.

To this disturbance another event was added. M. le Prince, who, when he wants a thing, takes the greatest possible pains with it, set people to spy on Madame la Duchesse, and to watch what happened in her house. He was told that someone had seen leaving it a man who was bent on keeping himself concealed. M. le Prince sent for Madame de Moreuil, who was the Duchess's lady-in-waiting, and asked her the identity of the man. Madame de Moreuil swore that no man had come in, and that Madame la Duchesse had spent the day alone in her closet with Madame

[1] The Prince de Condé, father-in-law of the Duchesse de Bourbon.

de Valentinois. Searching investigations were made. At length the man turned out to have been a painter, for whom Madame de Valentinois had sent, that she might have a miniature of herself to give, it was said, to M. de Barbesieux, her lover. Both were scolded to the uttermost breath. They burst into tears. Madame la Duchesse was forbidden to have any dealings with Madame de Valentinois. But they soon got together again, and nothing more was said of it.

For a while they were all on fairly good terms ; but soon after M. le Duc had gone to the army, a fresh disturbance arose, or rather a continuation of the old one. Again M. le Prince spoke to the King, but this time with greater fervour. In brief, the maids of honour were banished. Mesdemoiselles de Dorée and de la Roche-Aynard withdrew to convents ; Mademoiselle de Paulmy remained with Madame la Princesse, and married soon afterwards. The King commanded that Madame la Duchesse should be always with Madame la Princesse ; that when she went to Chantilly, she should receive no visits in her own apartments. But none of these commands were carried out, save that she was deprived of the company of her maids of honour.

The armies were now in the field : that of Marshal d'Humières in the enemy country ; that of M. de Duras in the land of Mayence, but with the cavalry alone, for he had left his infantry

in the fortresses, and chiefly at Landau. The disposition of the enemy was as follows: the Elector of Bavaria was to command the region of the Upper Rhine, where they had given the leadership of a corps of cavalry to the Comte de Choiseul; the Duke of Lorraine[1] was to occupy the Palatinate and the Electorate of Mayence; the Elector of Saxony[2] was to undertake the country of Treves, and join forces with the Duke of Lorraine when he should need it; the Elector of Brandenbourg, with troops from Münster and Holland was made responsible for the Electorate of Cologne. The Emperor had left the Margrave of Baden[3] in Hungary, to oppose the Turks with a small army.

The Elector of Brandenbourg was the first to make an attack. He had already seized Nuits, which the King's troops had abandoned. The French garrison had also been withdrawn from Kaiserswerth, and a German one left to hold it. It was this fortress, by no means a strong one, that the Elector of Brandenbourg attacked. He was but three days before it; on the fourth the German garrison compelled Marcognet, the Governor, who was a Frenchman, to surrender. The King held no other fortress in this region save Bonn. The Cardinal de Fürstemberg had left this town when he saw the troops of the Elector

[1] Charles V., Duke of Lorraine, the victor of Mohacz (1687).
[2] John George III.
[3] Louis William I.

approaching from the country of Cologne, and was now residing at Metz. The Elector of Brandenbourg, however, not daring to attack Bonn according to the rules with his small army, was content to invest it, and shortly afterwards made up his mind to bombard this fortress. The Duke of Lorraine had arrived at Frankfort, and all the Princes whose troops composed the army that was to operate in this region had joined him there. They were holding urgent councils of war, at which nothing was decided. Each gave the advice that was most to his own advantage ; each wanted a fortress to be attacked but thought that they should choose the one nearest to his own state and thus most likely to cause him trouble. The town of Frankfort urged the attack of Mayence, offering for this purpose a considerable sum, and also to furnish all that was necessary for the siege. This was tempting : but the Duke of Lorraine did not jump at it, for fear of risking his reputation ; for he knew what quantities of troops were in the fortress. The Marquis d'Huxelles had a great reputation, since M. de Louvois had raised him to such heights in so short a time. M. de Duras was in Alsace with a large army. All this gave them reason to doubt the wisdom of the siege of Mayence.

Spain had an inordinate desire to see her King with heirs. Already, a day or two after the Queen's death, it was proposed to the Catholic King that he should marry again, and portraits

were displayed to him of the Infanta of Portugal, the Princess of Tuscany, and the Elector Palatine's third daughter—the eldest had married the Emperor, and the second the King of Portugal. It is not known whether his taste prevailed—for he seemed to have none—or whether it was the counsel of his Ministers, who were but the mouthpieces of M. de Mansfeld ; at any rate he chose the daughter of the Elector Palatine,[1] who was the least prepossessing of the three. He begged ships from the King of Portugal to fetch her in. The King of France's Minister compelled the King of Portugal to refuse them. M. de Mansfeld was chosen by the King of Spain to go and marry her by proxy. He embarked on a Portuguese vessel and crossed to England to pay his respects to the Prince of Orange as King of England, which the Spanish Ambassador and the Emperor's Envoy had already done. From the Prince of Orange he received commands for the Dutch that they should furnish him with as many ships as he needed to ensure the safe arrival of the Queen. Then he went to the court of the Emperor.

The Mediterranean fleet was launched under the command of the Chevalier de Tourville. It was given out that the fleet was to be for the Mediterranean alone ; but on opening its sealed orders, it found itself destined to go out into the Atlantic and join the rest of the navy at Brest.

[1] Marie Anne of Neuburg.

This fleet was composed of twenty-two warships ; but a large number of them could have withstood neither battle nor storm. They were intended only for show, that the King might seem to have a formidable number of ships. They took a long time to make this voyage. At Brest, the naval armaments were being urged on apace : courier upon courier was dispatched to Marshal d'Estrées, who was Vice-Admiral, and who counted upon commanding the whole of the fleet. Never had France equipped such a large one, and never had it seemed more necessary. We knew that many of the Dutch and English ships had joined forces, and that the enemy therefore could not fail to be the first to put a fleet to sea. We might try in vain to hasten ours on : an infinite number of things must needs be brought from different places, and it was difficult to reach the ports on the Atlantic from those on the Channel : so that the English were impeding the transport of many necessities. A big vessel was awaited from Dunkirk, but we dared not bring it to the fleet. We had but few sailors : a great number had deserted, and among them some of the best, on account of their religion ; a colossal amount were needed. We were forced to take boatmen from the River Loire to replace these sailors, but they had to be trained. All this took time, which the court would not allow it. M. de Seignelay gave orders that all the necessities should at least make an effort to arrive, and he left Versailles for Brest,

where Marshal d'Estrées received him very well, although at the bottom of their hearts they were by no means friendly. They held a conference concerning the navy, and at the conference M. de Seignelay gave the Marshal a letter from the King, saying that since he was informed of the enemy's plans, he thought it more necessary for the Marshal to take up the command of the troops he had posted along the coast-line than that of the naval force. The letter was gentle enough, but no honey could make palatable so foul a poison. The Marshal was as sorely conscious of its disrelish as any man could be. He had always, for a long time past, been put in command of a fleet ; he had all the experience a man can have ; he had acquired a position of great dignity, and now his office was wrested from him at a time when it was most in evidence : and that upon a very flimsy pretext, to be given to a man whose dignity, merit and breeding were all inferior to his own. But the man to whom it was given was a most submissive person, who had always done what was pleasing to M. de Seignelay, and who was the only man in the navy for whom he had any feeling of confidence or friendship. The Marshal endured this blow in great grief, but without discourtesy, and went off to give orders where the King commanded him. M. de Seignelay, meanwhile, lorded it over the fleet : as indeed do all the King's Ministers, each in his own department. He gave orders, signed Louis,

and under that, *Colbert*. He was, in brief, commander in all save the name ; even adopting the clothes and the behaviour. In this unpleasant position,[1] he spoke of attacking the enemy in their own ports, and exaggerated the small value the King had set on naval battles before his time, saying that such battles in the future should be more decisive, and that we should be the first to take the offensive. He embarked, remained for some time on board, and laid in a great store of provisions. In a word, no one would have believed that he did not intend to command the navy for good. When this news reached the court, it seemed most extraordinary. Every one, great and small alike, took an interest in it, thinking that since so great a wrong had been done to a man of the Marshal's dignity, much worse was to be expected.

M. de Seignelay soon wearied of his ship. There was no news of the Mediterranean fleet ; but the enemy appeared, on a line with Ouessant, a little island about eight leagues from Brest. They seemed to number sixty ships. We had some small vessels keeping watch, and they came to warn us. Marshal d'Estrées immediately returned to Brest : for the issue was vital. M. de Seignelay, who had nothing more to do, was casting about for amusements : he played for high stakes, made love to the ladies of Brest, and

[1] Dans sa *pénible* fonction. There is evidently something wrong with the French text here.

preserved little of the decorum that befits a minister; he suffered the enemy to cruise for eight or ten days along the coasts, and allowed a squadron of eighteen to twenty ships to come within half a league of the coast and four leagues of Brest. In the meantime, however, the convoy he had been expecting from the Channel ports had safely arrived. There came also ships from Rochefort, laden with such goods as the fleet had need of. Sailors appeared from all directions; in brief, this fleet that eight days before his arrival had been lacking in everything, to such an extent that the officers would not go on board their ships, was now fully equipped and in excess.

Despite this happy issue, and the pleasures that M. de Seignelay had found, he nevertheless had his moments of anxiety. The fleet from Provence had not arrived: there was news that it had passed Cadiz a long time before. The hostile fleet stood just in its path from Cadiz to Brest; ships had been sent to meet it and they had not returned. M. de Seignelay was told of the King's anxiety, and this increased his own, all the more since he had wrested the charge of the naval armaments from the King's hands alone, none of the other ministers having been of the same mind about it. He tired at length of seeing the enemy's squadron continually advancing upon Brest, and himself sent out one composed of ten roadsters, to pursue the enemy whenever they should appear. This made them rein in a little. The wind had

hitherto been fairly kind to the enemy. It changed one evening, and blew so violently, that they were forced to leave Ouessant and withdraw to the English coasts. This wind, though contrary for them, favoured the fleet from Provence. Tourville, who for the past two days had been within twenty leagues of Brest, and who had learnt from a small English ship he had taken that the enemy's fleet was on a line with Ouessant, now judged that it could stay there no longer. He spread all his sail and reached the place where the hostile squadron had been. It had withdrawn just twenty-four hours previously : so his arrival was heaven-sent, for had the enemy remained there much longer, he would have had to go back the way he came, or else put in at Rochefort. There were great rejoicings at Brest on his arrival, and even greater at court, where it had begun to be despaired of.

The troops in Guienne were already beginning to move into Flanders ; Marshal de Lorges had been informed that he would soon have to move. There were now no more troops, save in Brittany and in Normandy, and even these were ordered to march into Flanders, as soon as the courier brought the news of M. de Tourville's arrival.

The event that was most ardently desired in France, and that was of vital importance to us in the present circumstances, was the death of the Pope. We heard that he was desperately ill. Lavardin, who had been sent as Ambassador to

Rome, because nobody else could be found who was willing to go, had now been recalled, so certain were we of meeting with no success in this painful negotiation. This Minister had behaved very badly towards Cardinal d'Estrées, having entered into agreements quite opposed to those of the Cardinal, and, in fact, to all those that France had already made. Before leaving Paris he had begun by getting into touch with the Abbé Servien, whom the Pope had sent to bear the red hat to the Cardinals nominated. The Abbé Servien was an especial enemy of the Cardinal's. He was a Frenchman who a long time before had settled in Rome, having an office at the Papal court, and he sought to make his fortune independently of France. From this Abbé, Lavardin acquired views in direct opposition to those he should have had ; all the more since the King and M. de Croissy, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, had intended the Ambassador to act in concert with the Cardinal only. For the Cardinal was a man of superior ability, who for a long time had been in Rome : who, moreover, had travelled a great deal, and in consequence was better able to understand this court than a person who had only just arrived. In all the troubles which arose during the embassy of Lavardin, he threw the blame on Cardinal d'Estrées ; but the latter, wiser and more deliberate, only aimed at Lavardin when he knew his shots could carry. The Ambassador had been

given a number of officers of the marines and the guards to accompany him to Rome, that no ill might befall him. He made them all dissatisfied with his manners and his inferior fare, as also with the lack of state that he displayed. Cardinal d'Estrées, on the contrary, won all hearts with his agreeable manners and his magnificence. In brief, during the two and a half years that Lavardin was in Rome, he drew nothing but ridicule on himself ; he spent endless money, never appeared in public, and never succeeded in a negotiation. This last, however, was scarcely surprising, considering the Pope's obstinacy, and the hatred he displayed of our King and Nation : a hatred made only too apparent by the manner in which he had stirred up all Europe against us, and by the small assistance he had been willing to render the King of England, who had lost his Kingdom for being too zealous a Catholic.[1] This King, when he left France, had sent Mr Porter, a man of great ability, to try to obtain help from His Holiness ; he received, for his comfort, naught save chaplets and indulgences, matters of small moment to any but a consummate bigot, and that could not serve in the least to conquer a Kingdom. Porter returned little edified by His Holiness, who was said to be sending to the Emperor, to help his war against the Turks, money that the Emperor used to oppose the King.

[1] Innocent XI realized that a Catholic England, under French influence, would upset the balance of power.

When it was seen what scant success our Ambassador enjoyed, the terrible expense he was to the King, and the need we had of officers, he was sent orders to return. The Pope was very ill ; the Queen of Sweden,[1] who had not loved us, and Cardinal Azzolini, who was the declared enemy of France and greatly in the Pope's confidence, had died within a short time of each other. It was said that their deaths had been prophesied, and that of the Pope as well. In truth his ill-health, and his age, which was above eighty years, was the surest prediction. Some thought that his death, which was seen to be imminent, was the chief cause of Lavardin's recall, rather than the latter's lack of progress in negotiations.

In all the small actions that were taking place in Flanders, the King's troops, although many of them were new, had the advantage over the enemy. The latter, however, had another advantage, which was that a large number of our men deserted and none of theirs deserted at all. The most important action concerned a detachment commanded by St Gelais. They fell upon a party of Horse Guards, belonging to the King of Spain, in the Netherlands. The Spaniards displayed an extraordinary valour, returning four or five times to the attack ; but all were killed or made prisoners. Since the Spanish cavalry was

[1] Christina, who had abdicated and had taken up her residence in Rome. Cardinal Azzolini was said to have been her lover.

unmounted, the governors of the fortresses did all they could to mount their troops at our expense, and they sent out a number of parties to catch our horses while they were grazing. One party was insolent enough to approach among the guards, for the purpose of taking the horses in the evening from the watering-place, and it was indiscreet enough to fire. Nothing could have been more calculated to reveal its whereabouts ; word came immediately to head-quarters that the guards were being attacked. All the young people who were there mounted and rode off, not knowing what had happened : the Prince de Rohan, son of M. de Soubise, had a knee broken ; Nogaret a horse killed under him and his arm slightly scratched. The horse-seeking party was wiped out : not one escaped. Such, indeed, were the chief activities of Marshal d'Humières' army, on account of the orders he had received. As for the army of M. de Duras, it had not yet set eyes on the enemy, and only the cavalry was in the field.

The Duke of Lorraine had sent word to the Emperor, to know if he insisted upon the siege of Mayence, and once more to point out its drawbacks. He had orders to undertake it, despite his own opposition to the scheme. The news of this decision reached Versailles. There were great rejoicings : even the King and M. de Louvois said that had the enemy asked their advice they would have given no other. There were many

bets at court, whether or no they would attack ; Marshal de Bellefonds, who always strives to be original, was still betting they would not attack three days after we had heard that the intrenchment was being opened. Mayence was a matter of such great importance that the eyes of all the world were fixed upon it.

The Emperor had advanced to Neubourg for the marriage of the Queen of Spain. He was then to come to Augsburg, in an endeavour to have his son, who was already King of Hungary, proclaimed King of the Romans. He could never have a better chance : all Germany was on his side, both Protestants and Catholics : it was probably the first time that this had ever happened ; and if there was ever an occasion when the King could make no obstacle, it was now.

The Elector of Bavaria betook himself to Mayence. The Duke of Lorraine was there planning his attacks : he made three of them, that of the Empire, of the Saxons, and of the Bavarians. The army consisted of but forty thousand men, and such was the number of men we had in Mayence that the enemy was forced to dig a very strong intrenchment, and their troops were quite exhausted. When M. de Duras saw the siege begun, he started gathering his army, joined the cavalry to the infantry, crossed the Rhine to Philisbourg, entered the Palatinate and sought to occupy the strongholds held by the troops of the Elector of Bavaria, under the

command of M. de Seréni, who was his General. Some were at first recaptured, and the army reached Heidelberg, which was the most strongly fortified, without the slightest doubt that it too would fall. But these expectations were deluded. M. de Seréni filled it with troops, and retired with the rest into the woods. Our army endeavoured to make an attack upon Heidelberg, but met with too much resistance. M. de Duras blamed the failure on Tessé, his Major-General, who had been ordered to evacuate and demolish it, saying Tessé had assured him that this fortress was no longer fit for the weakest defence. As it was, he had to come back with his tail between his legs. He seized and burnt a fairly large town where there were a number of troops as well as all the castles that were in reach of Alsace, and might have inconvenienced us during the winter. He made about four thousand prisoners in these various fortresses, and sent them to France, where they were dispersed among the towns.

At the time when the siege of Mayence by the German army was first mooted, there was some apprehension lest the army in Flanders should attack Dinant, a stronghold of vital importance to the King. Thither was sent Guiscard, Colonel of the Regiment of Normandy and Brigadier-General, to occupy the town with his two battalions. He was a brave lad and very deserving, yet six months before he had been deemed unworthy even to be Colonel of the

Regiment of Normandy, and all manner of vexations had been given him. At court there was some talk of sending help to Mayence. This was frequently discussed, and it was also said that the King had permitted Marshal d'Humières to give battle : so every one was on the alert concerning these events. Neither did we doubt but that a naval battle would take place, and anent this also there was great excitement. Some days were spent in putting the ships into order again, and supplying the Provençal fleet with water ; we were waiting meanwhile for a favourable wind to put out from Brest. There were some officers who were to cross to Ireland. Gacé, who had been governor of the country of Aunis and La Rochelle, had had the displeasure of seeing, at the beginning of the winter, la Trousse sent hither to take up the command. La Trousse had fallen extremely ill, and in consequence had been unable to serve. So St Ruth was sent to take his place, and this second vexation was for Gacé even more violent than the first. He asked to go and serve in Ireland, and was made Lieutenant-General to the King of England. In addition to him, the King sent the Marquis d'Escots, an old Brigadier, with Messieurs d'Hocquincourt, d'Amanzé and de St Pater, who were all young Colonels. A ship was prepared to take them, and when the wind was favourable, the fleet set sail. The ship that was destined for Ireland, and a large transport vessel that carried the equip-

ment, parted company with the fleet and steered for Ireland ; but the fleet, with which M. de Seignelay had gone, weighed anchor at Belle-Isle. The ship of which I have been speaking, destined for Ireland, was attacked by the English on its journey back to Belle-Isle, and its Captain was killed. Thus for the time being ended the exploits of the most formidable force that the King of France has as yet put to sea.

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